THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV. REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1875. Three Dollars a Year, In Advance. No. 7.

FLYING HOURS.

From morn's first flush to the twilight gray,
Ever they hold on their silent way;
Through the flower-lit dawn of the dewy spring
Onward they pass with undrooping wing,
And summer seafege, and autumn showers,
Behold the flight of the changing hours;
Swift birds of passage on pinions free
Crossing Life's restless sea.

The shade on the dial journeys round,
The steeples utter their warning sound,
And still with the march of their viewless feet,
Bearing to mortals their burden meet,
Of cloud or of sunshine, mirth or woe,
In their long processions come and go
The Hours, like a hastening pilgrim band
Bound for an unknown land.

To the worn and weary hearts of some,
With a sad and lingering step they come,
And the mournful print of their track is left
In perished hopes and affections reft;
And some with a gentle footfall pass
Like mild spring rain upon budding grass,
Joy-lumined Hours all sweet and rife
With the morning bloom of life.

Oh, little we reck, as one by one
Smiling they rise, and are straightway gone!
Softly as melts the dewdrop crown
From the crest of the foamy thistle-down;
But when with their freight of love and light
Far away from our beaming sight,
They have floated down Time's rushing stream,
How bright, how fair they seem!

Oh, watch we now in the day of grace,
Lest, when we have run our earthly race,
When our souls in the shadow of death shall lie
On the awful verge of eternity,
Life's Hours should stand, an accusing band,
With the record dread in each phantom hand,
Of wasted talents, brave vows unkept,
And daily sin unwept!

THE PIERCED HEART.

By CAPT. MAYNE REID.

Something less than a quarter of a century ago, the quiet seaside town of E—— experienced a sensation startling as horrible. The sexton of the parish church, reopening a grave in which, several years before, a young girl had been buried, by some maladroit handling of his pickaxe, loosened the coffin lid. Curiosity impelling him to lift it and have a peep inside, he there saw what caused him to drop the half-decayed woodwork as if it had been hot iron, bound back out of the grave, and hurry off, hair on end. For, to his experienced eye, the position of the young girl's body showed she had been buried alive! Instead of lying on its back, as it must have been when interred, it was turned over on the left side, the knees bent to the full breadth of the coffin, the arms out of place, the right one raised to the head; while the hair was dishevelled and the shroud greatly disordered!

A circumstance so strange could not fail to create intense excitement in any neighborhood—all the more in so quiet a one as that of E——. The scared gravedigger, hastening away from the weird spot, soon told his tale; which ran like wildfire throughout the town, spreading with like celerity over the adjacent district of country. From all parts rushed people towards E——, till a crowd was collected within its churchyard jamming it to the very gates.

Among those who yielded to the general attraction was a young lady of the name of Ingleworth; a rich heiress—not expectant, but in actual possession—who resided in the immediate neighborhood. Miss Ingleworth came in her landau, accompanied by a gentleman but little over her own age, though in no way related to her. But most who saw them knew he soon would be; for Captain Walton had proposed to the heiress, and been accepted. As the lady was entirely her own mistress—having no near relative save an invalid aunt, also a Miss Ingleworth, who resided with her—she could dispose as she pleased both of her hand and fortune; and she was about to bestow both on Captain Henry Walton.

As is customary among the country people—still deferent to their resident gentry—the crowd made way for the young lady and her escorting cavalier, permitting their approach to the newly-opened grave. By this time the coffin had been taken out, and rested on a tombstone near by—guarded by a couple of policemen, and encircled by the magisterial and other authorities of the town. And near by, also, was another coffin, a new one, fresh in its furniture of silver plates and crape knots, and surrounded by mutes and real mourners. It contained the corpse of the young girl's mother; the hour for the funeral having passed, and been for some time postponed on account of the startling and unexpected discovery. But, as this was no reason for further delaying the interment, it was decided that the second coffin should be lowered into the place from which the first had been lifted; the remains of the mother were to rest below those of her daughter, instead of, as originally intended, above them! It was an impressive scene; and in that churchyard was many a moist eye, besides those of the weeping relatives.

As Miss Ingleworth stood by the coffin late disinterred, and saw the body, still in the position in which the sexton had found it—for no one had ventured to disturb it with what might have been deemed a sacrilegious touch—she was seen to start and turn pale; indeed, she became so faint as to require the arm of her betrothed on the way back to her carriage, to which she abruptly returned. On the drive home she expressed regret for having gone to the graveyard at all; while he, by way of rallying her, said in a cheering tone:

"Pshaw! Helen! don't think of the thing any more. Reflect only that the next time we two go together within those churchyard gates it will be for a more pleasant purpose. Twelve months; ah! how long it seems to wait. I've half a mind to give up soldiering, and, with your consent, bring it on a little sooner."

This was in reference to their marriage—the date of which, with other matters appertaining, had been already arranged; though not the exact day, this depending on the young officer's return from Malta, whither he was about to be sent on a twelve months' tour of duty with his regiment, his departure to take place immediately. It was no thought of their separation that clouded the brow of his betrothed; nor did the melancholy smile with which she made reply to his bantering speech spring from anything he had said. The shadow had been there ever since gazing upon that ghastly spectacle in the churchyard; it haunted her not only for that day, but, at intervals, for all her life after—whenever she thought of it, sending a thrill of horror through her heart.

* * * * *

The year's interregnum was about to expire, when Captain Walton, released from military duty, returned to England, and hastened to meet his lady love. He knew she expected him; for, shortly before leaving Malta, he had written to her of his coming, and found her answer in the *poste restante* at Marseilles. But as he had been unable to fix the precise day, or hour, of reaching the E—— terminus, on his arrival there no carriage was in waiting, and he engaged a fly to carry him on to Ingleworth House.

His route led him past the parish church, which stood a little way outside the town. As the hackney carriage bore him abreast of the churchyard wall, he looked over—curiosity directing his glance towards the spot where, twelve months before, he had stood by the grave in which the young girl had been buried alive. But before he could identify it, his eye was arrested by another, which caused him to start and command the fly driver instantly to pull up. It was a new-made grave, inside a grand gilded railing, which he knew to be the family burying-place of the Ingleworths. Several slabs of white marble were lying within the inclosure—evidently the materials of a tomb about to be erected over it.

For a time his blood ran chill, his heart beating audibly. But only for an instant. Remembering the invalid aunt, he quickly recovered, saying to himself:

"Ah! she's dead. Pity, too; she was a good old soul, and always favored my suit with her niece."

"Whose grave is that?" he mechanically asked the sexton.

"Which one, captain?" asked the man, recognising his interrogator, and deferentially raising his hat.

"That yonder—within the Ingleworth railing."

"It's Miss Ingleworth's, sir!" answered the sexton, in a tone that told of surprise. Then adding, in a more subdued voice, and with increased solemnity: "We buried her but the day before yesterday. But, sir, I thought *you'd* know all about it."

"No; I've been absent from England, and as I only returned this morning, hadn't heard of her death. Well, poor lady! I knew she couldnt last long. Drive on, Jarvey."

At this the flyman flourished his whip, and the carriage moved briskly off—leaving the sexton transfixed to the spot, a picture of perplexity and astonishment.

"It's awkward, this occurrence," soliloquised Captain Walton, "not to say ominous, coming at such a crisis. My Nelly had a great regard for her old aunt; and this melancholy affair will, no doubt, be affecting her very much, and make it necessary to postpone the ceremony, for which we've been so long waiting. It would seem as if we were ever to be doomed to disappointment."

The cloud, which had spread over the speaker's countenance, had nearly passed off as he came within sight of Ingleworth House. But the black hatchment, fixed on the facade, brought it on again; and in solemn silence he was driven up to the door.

Without waiting for the driver to descend from his seat, he sprang out of the fly, and rang the hall bell.

It was answered by a footman with a face as long as could possibly be pulled.

"Is Miss Ingleworth at home, James?"

"Yes, captain; she is."

"Announce me!"

The man went off, and soon returning, said:

"Will you please walk in, sir? Miss Ingleworth is down in the drawing-room; she expected you would get here to-day. Sad news it is, sir—for you especially."

Why for him *especially* Captain Walton did not stay to reflect. His beloved and betrothed was waiting within; and, hurrying past the servant, he pushed open the drawing-room door, and stepped inside. There his steps were arrested by a sight that for a time suspended his heart's pulsation. Instead of his darling Nelly starting up from a chair and rushing forward to receive him, he saw only the maiden aunt reclining upon her invalid couch, as he had often seen her before. Sudden as the lightning's flash the full truth broke upon him. The question, "Where is Helen?" came but mechanically from his lips; for, soon as asking, he himself answered it, adding, "You need not tell me. I know it—I know all—*she is dead!*"

And she was.

* * * * *

As soon as the distracted lover had got over his first wild frenzy of grief, and become calm enough to listen, the particulars of his fiancee's death were communicated to him. There had been no prolonged illness; for Helen Ingleworth had died suddenly, almost in the same hour in which she was seized. He knew this without being told; her letter he received at Marseilles bore date but the day before that of her death, and in it there was no mention of any malady, nor, indeed, much else save their approaching nuptials, with *her* own joyous exultation at their being so near. While writing that letter she had evidently been in the best of spirits—as it proved, alas! too like the fabled swan that sang its sweet song before expiring.

Heart disease had been the cause of her death—as stated by her aunt, and attested by the certificate of the medical man who attended her.

It was but slight solace to the expectant bridegroom, whom death had thus cruelly despoiled, to learn, that he was not also deprived of the property which would have become his on consummation of the marriage ceremony. By a will, soon after put into his hand, he saw that he was made sole possessor of all Helen Ingleworth's estates, some money legacies alone excepted. Though poor—having, indeed, little more than his captain's pay to live on—Henry Walton was not the man to care much for this. Could he have recalled Helen Ingleworth to life, he would have cheerfully surrendered all, and been contented to live with her in the humblest cottage on her estate. Alas! it was not to be. She was dead—dead and buried; he would never see her more!

While glancing over the contents of her will—which by official necessity he was forced to read—one of its clauses struck him as being of a somewhat singular character. Besides a legacy of ten thousand pounds left to her aunt, there was another for an equal amount to be given to the doctor who had attended her. Ten thousand pounds for professional services, as particularized in the wording of the will!

"What were these professional services? What could they be?" very naturally asked Captain Walton of himself. And, directing his inquiries in the proper quarter, he learned, that they consisted in a semi-weekly visit during a period of twelve months, with a few hours' attendance when the final crisis came. One hundred pounds per visit! A payment out of all proportion to the service rendered; and yet no other reason was assigned for the extraordinary bequest. True, Dr. Lamson, the lucky legatee, was the family physician—had been for years. But this could not account for Helen Ingleworth having bequeathed him such an enormous sum; and Captain Walton was puzzled for the explanation. The aunt could not give it. Indeed, she, too, was equally perplexed by the bequest, and not a little nettled to think that a stranger, a doctor, had been remembered in her niece's will to the same amount as herself.

Failing to find a satisfactory clue to this strange clause, Captain Walton not the less determined on executing it. He would faithfully fulfil the trust reposed in him as sole administrator—which he was. It was there in black and white, a solemn testament duly signed by Helen Ingleworth's own hand—how his trembled as he scanned the well-known autograph!—attested by two witnesses; one the lawyer's clerk who had drawn up the will, the other a young man whom Captain Walton remembered being in Dr. Lamson's service—a sort of assistant. This, again, seemed a strange circumstance; though even it did not suggest to the mind of the young officer any suspicion of foul dealing on the part of the physician. The character of the latter forbade such a supposition; and Captain Walton was not given to wicked or unjust surmises. Besides, the aunt had informed him that her niece knew she had heart disease. She had often complained of palpitations. But it mattered little now what the disease; she was dead; and, beyond doubt, the doctor's certificate correctly stated the cause of her death.

Of course the news of the grand legacy left the doctor by Miss Ingleworth had spread far and wide—as had also the startling suddenness of her death from a disease at that time but ill-understood—and the two, coupled together, at once suggested a suspicion of foul play, directed towards the doctor.

In fine, suspicion took the shape of accusation, the neighborhood became excited, and an exhumation of Helen Ingleworth's body was demanded. Had Captain Walton wished, he could not have resisted the demand. But he did not wish, for by this time he had himself heard something, and seen something more, that would not only have induced him to consent to the disinterment, but ardently urge it. On his first becoming acquainted with the sinister rumor, he had thought it his duty to call upon Dr. Lamson and state what he had heard.

The young officer, as he commenced making the unpalatable communication, could not help seeing the physician start, turn pale, and so continue to its end. Then he only answered with a sneering, scornful laugh—repeating the cause he had already assigned in his certificate—appending the trite remark, that "the ignorant country people were ever prone to such imaginings." As for suspicions directed upon himself, he would not deign to take notice of them.

Finding him in this humor, and otherwise abruptly as peevishly reticent, Captain Walton, apologizing for his well-meant intrusion, took leave, the doctor bowing him out of doors.

Captain Walton was afoot, and on his way homeward was overtaken by a young man whom he recognized as Dr. Lamson's assistant, already spoken of as one of the attesting witnesses to the will. This young fellow, dressed in a stinted, close-fitting suit of threadbare black, with meagre, bone-projecting frame, and skin of bloodless, cadaverous hue, looked as though the doctor was in the habit of copiously phlebotomizing him. This, however, was contradicted by the expression of his countenance, which showed no sign of such innocent submission. On the contrary, it betrayed a sort of sinister cunning, like that often observed in the lower class of lawyers' clerks.

As already said, Captain Walton knew this individual, whose name was Nudin. Now remembering his being one of the attesting witnesses, it occurred to the captain to enter into conversation. After a slight salutation, and a word about the weather, he said:

"By the way, Mr. Nudin, I see you are one of the witnesses to Miss Ingleworth's will. May I ask at whose instance you signed it?"

"I signed at request of Dr. Lamson, Captain Walton. He sent me special to sign it. I was at home in the dispensing-room, so was he, when Lawyer Luckett called about a witness to the will. The doctor requested me to go along with Mr. Luckett to Ingleworth House. He was awful anxious about it—no wonder, considerin' the big sum he's to pocket from it."

"But your signature could not make any difference in that. Any one may attest a will, provided it be a person deemed respectable. There was the butler up at the house, and the head gardener, both men of good character and standing. He might have asked either of them to sign. I wonder he didn't."

"You may wonder, captain, but I don't," rejoined the drug dispenser, with a significant shrug. "The doctor had his reasons."

"Ah, indeed! May I know them, Mr. Nudin?"

"If you'll promise not to tell him that I said anything——"

"Oh, I promise that. It's not likely he and I shall ever exchange confidences of the kind."

"Well, captain, to tell the truth, I don't think he wanted anybody to know about the will. Luckett and Dr. Lamson are fast friends, and, between you and me, I suspect the lawyer is to stand in for a trifle of that ten thousand pounds, when the doctor gets it. Of course, captain, I'm only giving you my suspicions, and wouldn't do that, if I didn't feel it to be a sort of duty, where one suspects there's been dealin's not quite on the square."

"It seems somewhat strange, indeed."

"Ah, captain, there's something stranger still, and since you've given your word not to peach, I'll tell you that, too."

Captain Walton listened with all ears.

"Since the makin' of that will," continued Nudin, "but more especial since the day of the young lady's death, the doctor hasn't been anything like himself. He's as restless as a singed stoat; and one night when he fell asleep in the surgery chair, I heard him mutterin' queer things about stickin' pins into people, and, among others, mentioned Miss Ingleworth's name, with the ten thousand pounds legacy. That does look strange, don't it?"

"What do you make of it, Mr. Nudin?"

"I declare, captain, I don't know what to make of it. I only tell you what I've seen and heard. But I must keep on. Good day, sir."

So saying, the fellow stepped off in silent, slouching gait, leaving Captain Walton wondering at his unsolicited communicativeness.

The demand for exhuming Miss Ingleworth's body had by this time taken the shape of official action, and a coroner's jury was collected, with a number of medical men, the most distinguished in the county, to make the post-mortem examination. The coffin was taken up

OFF TO THE OYSTER BEDS. (See Fourth Page.)

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and placed upon a marble slab within the railing, for, the day being fine, it was decided to hold the inquest in the open air. Besides the legal authorities, several gentlemen of the district, justices of the peace, were present, all of whom were admitted within the railed enclosure, while the crowd of town and country people clustered thick outside. The churchyard of E—— had never been so filled since that day twelve months before, when the body of another young girl had been accidentally disinterred.

Among the witnesses subpœnaed to be present were Lawyer Luckett and his clerk, with Dr. Lamson himself, and his assistant, Nudin. Captain Walton was, of course there, he, in fact, being chief promoter of the inquest.

It would be difficult to depict his feelings when the coffin lid was lifted off, and he beheld his bride that was to have been, lying in her shroud. Though her face was white as statuary marble—very different from what it appeared when he last saw it in the bright bloom and roseate hue of health—decay had not yet "swept the lines where beauty lingers," and Helen Ingleworth looked lovely even in death. The bereaved lover could not bear the sight. Instead of continuing to gaze upon the silent, sightless image of clay, he turned aside, sat down upon a tombstone, and wept.

Meanwhile the inquest, simultaneously with the post-mortem examination, proceeded. The body was taken out of the coffin, and placed upon one of the large blocks of marble intended for its tomb. First, only the head and breast were laid bare. Nothing more was needed at this time; for almost on the instant of the shroud being removed, the searching eye of one of the examining surgeons was attracted to a slight abrasion of the skin directly over the region of the heart. On closer scrutiny it was discovered that a small portion of the cuticle was loose; and this, on being raised, disclosed a puncture underneath, though so slight as scarcely to deserve the name of wound. On the probe being applied, there was the click of metal against metal; and, the forceps being substituted, a steel needle was drawn out, somewhat similar to those used by straw bonnet makers! As it was several inches in length, and its direction straight towards the heart, it had evidently penetrated this organ, piercing it through and through.

A thrill of wildest astonishment electrified the crowd of spectators, all looking aghast. Even the grave medical men for a time lost their composure. Then the senior of them—who by tacit consent was directing the investigation—said, addressing the coroner:

"I think it is not necessary to proceed further, at present. In this," he added, holding up the needle, "we have clearly the cause of death."

The other doctors signifying their assent, the coroner commenced his "quest," Dr. Lamson, who had been sole medical attendant on the deceased lady, being the first witness called.

Questioned as to the cause of her death, he replied by simply stating the nature of the disease—at the same time putting in a copy of his own certificate, entered at the Registrar's office. Shown the needle, and told where it had been taken from, he was next asked if he knew anything about that.

"I do," was his affirmative reply made promptly as unexpectedly.

The feeling of astonishment was intense; the bystanders stood with bated breath—every eye keenly bent upon the witness—every ear eagerly listening for what he would next say.

"Be good enough," continued the coroner, "to state what you know; and remember, Dr. Lamson, you are on your oath."

"I need no reminding of that," testily retorted the witness. "That needle was placed where you found it *by my own hand.*"

The extraordinary avowal could not increase the surprise, already at its height; but a hum of half-angry ejaculations rose up from among the spectators. Commanding silence, the coroner pursued:

"For that act, Dr. Lamson, we ask your explanation."

"You shall have it. For some months previous to her death, Miss Ingleworth was aware that she suffered from heart disease. Indeed, I myself, having become satisfied of the fact, told her of it. Then she spoke of a subject that had much occupied her mind. No doubt most people present will remember the singular circumstance, which, just a year ago, caused a crowd to assemble within this same cemetery. I speak of the body of a young girl being found in such condition as proved her to have been buried alive. Miss Ingleworth was one of those who came to view it, and was very much affected by the spectacle, as she herself told me. It had taken possession of her mind, so much as to beget a nervous, morbid apprehension that the same thing might happen to herself. I endeavored to laugh her out of the idea; but she remained serious, and to my great surprise made a request to me, that in the event of my being present at her death, I would take measures to make her secure against the possibility of the dreaded revivification. She even prescribed the mode, and herself gave me that needle you now hold in your hand. I at first flatly refused, and endeavored to dissuade her from repeating the request. She did so, nevertheless, urging it upon me; and to gain my consent made mention of the large legacy which, as you all know, she has left me."

"Go on, sir!" said the coroner.

"I need hardly expect," continued the witness, with the air of an injured man, "I need scarce hope to get credit for having opposed her wish. Much less am I likely to be believed, when I say that it was not the legacy that at length induced me to accede to her request. She entreated me, and I yielded—as I now find to my misfortune."

"Have you any proof of her having made this request—which I must characterize as very extraordinary indeed?"

"I had—in her own handwriting, and with her seal and signature attached—for protection against just such an eventuality as has arisen. She gave me that document, which to my sorrow and chagrin, I only yesterday discovered to be missing. I had placed it carelessly in an open pigeon-hole in my dispensing-room—from which some one has abstracted it."

"Have you any suspicion as to who has taken it."

"Not any, at present. Many people attend at my house, and patients are often left in the surgery alone."

At this point of the examination Captain Walton—who had been all the while listening attentively—was observed to direct a searching glance towards Lamson's assistant, Nudin; who, as one of the subpœnaed witnesses, was outside the inclosure waiting for his turn to be called. From his customary cadaverous hue, it would not be correct to say he turned pale; but the captain noticed—what passed unobserved by the others—a singular twitching in the sinews of his crane-like neck, with an expression in his ghoulish eyes that seemed to say—though only to himself—"I am the guilty one."

The coroner continued, still addressing Dr. Lamson, and holding out the needle:

"Explain to the jury, how you acted in regard to this. State the exact circumstances: tell everything."

"There is not much more to tell. As soon as I was assured that life was extinct, I acted according to my promise given to the young lady, and inserted the needle as she had herself instructed me. Of course I sought an opportunity when no one was present by the death-bed. Had I done the thing openly, it is possible no one would have objected; but there might have been talk about a proceeding so unusual, and I should no doubt have been blamed—as I am likely to be now."

"More than blamed!" cried a man from among the outside crowd, his remark followed by a chorus of similar observations.

"Silence!" commanded the coroner. "I shall order into custody any one who may again interrupt the inquest."

Then turning to Dr. Lamson, he asked:

"Will you swear that heart disease was the real cause of Miss Ingleworth's death?"

"I will—I do swear it. But why question me further? Complete the post-mortem examination, and that will satisfy you. As you see, upon that needle there is no stain of blood; nor any extravasation around the orifice where it entered. I need not point out to my medical brethren here that such could not be the case had the needle been inserted into the flesh of a living subject. Let them lay open the breast, and they will find, as stated in my certificate, a case of heart atrophy. On that I shall stake my skill as a physician."

The medical examiners, accepting the challenge, proceeded to determine the truth of his declaration. Indeed it was evident that on more than one of them his words had produced conviction. Still it was necessary they should be submitted to the test of a thorough post-mortem examination.

But the inconvenience of completing this in the open air suggested the removal of the body into the vestry-room; and thither was it taken—only the coroner, his jury, and other official personages being permitted to accompany it.

When the breast was laid open, and the heart disclosed to view, it was seen that Dr. Lamson's words were made good. The deceased lady had died of heart disease—of the special kind called atrophy; or at all events, she had such disease before death. After all, it may not have been it that caused her death; and the uncertainty—along with some suspicion, still lingering in the minds of several of the jurymen—caused some questions to be brought before the medical examiners, in the discussion of which there was a dissidence of opinion.

In the assumed condition of the heart, was it not possible for it to have been pierced without interfering with the flow of blood? Outside it no vein or artery had been touched; and therefore the absence of extravasation was thus accounted for. Might it not be the same within the heart itself, and the steel have entered it while still beating? In all likelihood, such questions would never have arisen, but for that legacy of ten thousand pounds—an amount staggering credulity.

Of course Dr. Lamson was not present in the vestry-room—he with the other witnesses having been directed to wait in an antechamber, outside.

After a considerable time spent in debating the above points, and night drawing near, the coroner saw fit to postpone his unfinished inquest till the following day; and the witnesses were warned of the hour of re-attendance.

Several of the jury advised placing Dr. Lamson under immediate arrest; but in the doubtful state of the case this was over-ruled, and he was permitted to depart for his own house. Some hisses saluted him, as he passed out through the churchyard gate; but, bearing it with an indifference, that seemed fortitude itself, the crowd became ashamed of its conduct, and desisted from further demonstration.

Captain Walton returned home, accompanied by a gentleman named Charlecote, whom he had invited to dine with him—an old friend, who was one of the magistrates of the neighborhood.

As they sat over their wine, smoking an after-dinner cigar, the conversation naturally turned upon the events of the day—soon coming to Dr. Lamson's testimony.

"His story, though certainly very strange, seems probable enough," remarked the magistrate; "don't you think so, Walton?"

"I think it not only probable, but true. I have more than one reason for so thinking. The absence of extravasated blood is, to my mind, proof positive as to the man's innocence of the higher crime, whatever one may think of his conduct otherwise."

"May I ask what other reason you have for believing him innocent?"

"One of a very specific and singular character. Among those whom I had subpœnaed as witnesses, you may have observed a lank, lop-sided creature, by name Nudin?"

"What of him?"

After describing his encounter with Nudin on the road, and repeating the conversation that had passed between them, the captain added:

"I believe Lamson tells the truth about a writing having been given to him by my poor Nelly. He has had such a document; and 'tis this Nudin who has stolen it. By Jove!" continued the generous young officer, "though I have no reason for liking Lamson, and detest his cupidity, if it prove as I suspect, he shall be paid the ten thousand pounds without any demur or delay on my part."

"Dr. Lamson, sir!" announced the footman, entering the room; "he asks if you will see him, sir."

"Certainly I will. Show him in here."

"Shall I stay?" asked the magistrate.

"If my visitor does not object. We shall see."

At this moment the doctor was ushered in, looking grave and pale.

"Perhaps you wish a private interview with me, Dr. Lamson?" said the captain. "If so, Mr. Charlecote will—"

"No," interrupted the doctor, bowing to the magistrate; "I should prefer both of you hearing what I've got to say, and seeing what I have to show. Indeed it is a fortunate circumstance for me that Mr. Charlecote is here. I intended going to your house, sir, this very night, and asking you to favor me with your friendly advice."

"In what way, Dr. Lamson?" inquired the magistrate.

"This, sir; which I first came to show to Captain Walton, in the hope it may to some extent convince him that I have been telling the truth, and am innocent of the great crime idle tongues have been laying to my charge. On my return home from the inquest, among other letters lying on my table, I found this; which, as you will see, has been sent me through the post."

So saying, he handed Captain Walton a letter, whose envelope, already open, bore the address, "Dr. Lamson," with only a single post-mark, that of E—— itself. The stamped date showed that the letter had been dropped into the office that same day. It read thus:

"If Dr. Lamson will consent to part with one thousand pounds out of the ten thousand he is to get by Miss Ingleworth's will, he can have restored to him a document signed with her name, and which he may stand in need of to keep his neck out of the hangman's halter. If he agrees to this proposal, and will signify so by burning a blue light in his bedroom window this night at twelve, by to-morrow morning's post he will receive another communication, telling him how to pay over the money, and get possession of the paper so precious to him."

There was no name signed, nor any address; only the bald conditions as above.

"Have you any idea, or suspicion, of who wrote it?" asked Captain Walton, addressing himself to the doctor.

"Not the slightest. The handwriting is entirely unknown to me."

"To me, too," said Mr. Charlecote, after examining it. "It seems a disguised hand—in all likelihood is."

"Perhaps I can put you on a scent, doctor," interposed Captain Walton, after a whispered communication with the magistrate. "If I mistake not, you have in your service a young man named Nudin."

"I have—as honest a fellow as ever breathed—at least so I believe him."

"It may be that you overrate his honesty. I have reason to think him the very opposite; and that he is not only dishonest, but as great a traitor as ever served a trusting master."

"You astonish me, Captain Walton! I have always found him faithful."

"That is because you have not found him out. You may have an opportunity now. Does he sleep in your house?"

"No—he is only there during the day. At night he goes home to his mother, who lives in a cottage on the outskirts of the town."

At this Captain Walton and the magistrate exchanged significant glances. Nudin's sleeping outside the doctor's house made more probable the suspicion they had already conceived.

Mr. Charlecote spoke first.

"You have said, Dr. Lamson, you were coming to me for friendly counsel. Fortunately, from what my friend Captain Walton has told me, I am able to bestow it. I advise you, then, to lose no time in having Mr. Nudin handed over to the custody of the police. As a magistrate, I am able to give you the necessary authority; and if you wish, will make you out a warrant this very minute."

"Doctor, you will do well to take Mr. Charlecote's advice," counselled Captain Walton. "It is altogether in your own interest, and for your good."

"But, gentlemen, would it not be wrong, my having him arrested—an outrage on an innocent young man?"

"If he prove innocent," put in Mr. Charlecote, "it will do him no harm. If the contrary, you will have no reason to regret the steps taken."

"Dr. Lamson," said the captain, "I have good reasons to believe Nudin guilty of purloining the paper you have spoken of. I could give them to you, and would, but for a promise made that I cannot lightly break. But there is no need, as it will not embarrass our action in this matter. All I can say is, that your honest assistant is a traitor to you. I have had proof of it; and if you act on Mr. Charlecote's advice, and have him at once taken into custody, you will, in all probability, find upon his person the document for which this anonymous scribbler wants you to pay one thousand pounds."

Dr. Lamson was thunderstruck; but at length, yielding to the conviction that his assistant must be as represented, he requested the magistrate to give him the warrant already offered.

It was immediately made out; and, with a note addressed by Mr. Charlecote to the police superintendent of the district, placed in Dr. Lamson's hands, who, thanking the gentlemen for their unexpectedly friendly reception of him, took his leave.

It was 11 P. M. before he reached the police station; but in less than an hour after Nudin was in the safe keeping of a couple of blue-coated constables. He was not taken at his mother's house, but in a shaded alley off a side street, where he was found skulking, with eyes fixed on Dr. Lamson's bed-room window—watching for the *blue light.* No doubt, had that appeared to his satisfaction, he had concocted some plan by which he could safely receive the blackmail money. For, just as Captain Walton had predicted, on his person, carefully put away in one of the pockets of his threadbare paletot, was found the missing evidence of his master's innocence.

The document contained a declaration by Miss Ingleworth, in which she minutely particularized everything that related to her covenant with Dr. Lamson—describing her own apprehensions upon the subject of revivification, and her instructions to take measures against it—even to providing him with the needle with which her heart was to be pierced! It concluded with a testimony of his reluctance to undertake the strange trust, only yielding to her most earnest solicitation, in short, completely exonerating the physician, as far as such declaration could.

There could be no doubt about the genuineness of the document. It was in Helen Ingleworth's own handwriting—known to hundreds—with her autograph underneath, beside the family seal.

Next morning, on the inquest being resumed, this paper was laid before the jury—with the testimony of the police as to how, when and where obtained. The medical examiners had already put in their report; which completely cleared Dr. Lamson from the charge of taking the young lady's life—atrophy of the heart having been at length unanimously decided by them as the cause of her death.

The new evidence of the doctor's innocence satisfied the coroner's jury; and the case, that came so near being carried to the criminal court, was thus abruptly brought to a close.

But although Dr. Lamson's character was vindicated, and no one any longer coupled his name with the crime of murder, still a certain odium attached to it, on account of his taking the ten thousand pounds legacy—which in due course of the will's administration was paid over to him.

In the end, finding residence in E—— no longer either pleasant or profitable, he disappeared from the place—having gone, as was supposed, under a changed name, to Australia.

As for Nudin, he went in the same direction—though not willingly. His attempt to extort money, in such a cowardly as well as treacherous manner, so impressed a criminal judge and jury as for ten years to deprive the traitor of his personal liberty, and procure for him a free passage to the penal settlement of Tasmania.

The quiet seaside town of E—— has since become a populous and popular watering-place; but, among its oldest inhabitants, there are many who remember the incidents above detailed, and can vouch for the truth of this story of The Pierced Heart.

GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.

How many lives are, so to speak, mere relics of an ended feast, fragments which may be either left to waste, or be taken up and made the most of! For we cannot die just when we wish it, and because we wish it. The fact may be very unromantic, but it is a fact, that a too large dinner or a false step on the stairs kills much more easily than a great sorrow. Nature compels us to live on, even with broken hearts, as with lopped-off members. True, we are never quite the same again, never the complete human being; but we may still be a very respectable, healthy human being, capable of living out our threescore years and ten with tolerable comfort after all.

These "fragments" of lives, how they strew our daily path on every side! Not a house do we enter, not a company do we mix with, but we more than guess—we *know*—that these our friends, men and women, who go about the world doing their work and taking their pleasure therein, all carry about them a secret burden—of bitter disappointments, vanished hopes, unfulfilled ambitions, lost loves. Probably every one of them, when his or her smiling face vanishes from the circle, will change it into another, serious, anxious, sad—happy if it be only sad, with no mingling of either bitterness or badness. That complete felicity which the young believe in, and expect almost as a matter of certainty to come, never does come. Soon or late we have to make up our minds to do without it, to take up the fragments of our blessings, thankful that we have what we have and are what we are; above all, that we have our own burden to bear, and not our neighbor's. But, whatever it is, we must bear it alone; and this gathering up of fragments, which we are so earnestly advising, is also a thing which must be done alone.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

Of all public men of our generation, the life and character and aims and actions of the late Andrew Johnson are the most difficult to analyze. He was single from the common herd of all men with whom he came in contact, in the varied conflicts and checkered vicissitudes of his career. Born in obscurity that seemed hopeless beyond earning a scanty subsistence by ceaseless labor, an entire stranger to schools and letters until he had reached manhood, and with scarcely a friend to whom he could turn for aid or even encouragement, he commenced the battle of life, half a century ago, in the mountains of Tennessee. A devoted wife taught him the simpler rudiments of an English education, and with his books upon his lap-board he schooled the future ruler of the Republic by mingling patient study with tireless industry. Since then his career is known to all. From alderman to mayor of his village; from mayor to the legislature; from the legislature to Congress; from Congress to the gubernatorial chair for two consecutive terms; from governor to the United States Senate; from the Senate to the military governorship of his State when rocked in the frenzy of rebellion; from the gubernatorial dictatorship to the vice presidency; from the vice presidency to the presidency; from the completed circle of civil honors back to the Senate again, and thence to the long halt that awaits us all—such is the unexampled record of this uncommon man.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Few men were ever more widely mourned than is the gracious Dane, Hans Christian Andersen, who died at Copenhagen last month, in the seventieth year of his age. He was universally beloved wherever his writings are known, and they have carried his fame throughout the civilized world. Dramatist, poet, novelist and traveler, he was above all the friend of children. Simple and child-like in his character, he entered into the heart of childhood as few writers ever have. His fairy tales, weird, fantastic, rich in humor, pathos and delicate imagination, form his surest passport to immortality. His mortal remains were laid at rest on August 11th, in the Fran Kirche, Copenhagen. The burial services were attended by the King of Denmark, members of the royal family, the ministers and chief officers of the government, and the leading people of the kingdom, and were of the most impressive kind. The casket containing the poet's remains was covered with hundreds of wreaths, laurels, and floral offerings, many of which were sent from Germany and other countries. What could have been more in keeping with the poetry of his life than the shower of sweet flowers that fell upon the dead writer's funeral casket? So will his memory be embalmed in the rich flowers of thought he scattered along the wayside.

GENIUS is the gold in the mine; talent is the miner who works and brings it out.

TO A SEA GULL.

BY SUSANNA J.

O fair white bird that sailest through the blue,
Stay, stay awhile, and lend me thy soft wings;
Give to my heart that instinct deep and true
That guides thy wanderings!

Thy way lies over mountains clothed in fern,
O'erstately wood and clover-scented lea,
Green dewy slopes and fields of rustling corn—
All these are naught to thee.

Nor will thy wings be folded till they reach
Thy home among the cliffs, far, far away,
Where the cool waves are lapping on the beach,
And fresh salt breezes play.

Soon wilt thou gain the home of thy desire,
And glad companions welcome thy return;
But I may never reach where I aspire—
The rest for which I yearn.

And even as I gaze thy distant calls
Come fainter on the breeze, and thou art gone;
Back on my weary heart Life's burden falls,
And I am left alone.

THROUGH FORBIDDEN PATHS.

By CLIO STANLEY.

Author of "Faithful Margaret," "Shadows of a Ghost," "And Then," Etc., Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 52, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXV.

DARK DAYS.

On a day, a little later in the spring, a day overshadowed and full of showers that died away and then came suddenly down again without warning, Phyllis Hawthorne sat by her window, her hands folded idly in her lap, her eyes watching the drops that came pattering against the panes.

Polly had taken an umbrella and gone home with a bundle of work, six plain skirts, for which she was to receive a fair price; and a dozen fine handkerchiefs prettily embroidered by Phyllis' busy fingers, for which she had been promised twenty dollars.

It seemed like a small fortune to Polly, trudging along in the rain, but to Phyllis, weighed down by sorrowful forebodings, it seemed like a golden mist only, that would soon fade away before actual want.

For this was the last work they had to do; the young ladies who had supplied them so constantly, were going away for the summer; and Mrs. Martin had that morning received a message that her mother was very ill, and she was already preparing her furniture to be stored in a neighbor's house. She did not know how long she might be absent—perhaps she should never come back to stay and of course she should give up the house, which was only a rented one.

In her own trouble she did not forget her young friends; although she knew of course that as things had turned out, they could not go home with her, she remembered to recommend them to another widow living about half a mile away, who, she thought, would take them; but after events proved that she had been mistaken, and Phyllis was once more out in the world without fortune and without friends, except her faithful Polly.

Polly's faith in the good times coming was somewhat staggered by the unexpected news which met her on her return; but when she saw how Phyllis was suffering, she threw off every trace of care, and went to work with a merry song on her lips, to get ready their own small possessions.

There was very little time for farewells on either side. The next evening Mrs. Martin was to start, and she had a host of last things to do; while her boarders had to go out early in the morning to look for a new home—a place, at least, where they might find shelter.

Up and down a dozen long streets they went in search of rooms; for Phyllis had decided that as they were without any certain resources, they could not afford to go to a boarding-house.

But their search was a long one, and it was not until almost dark that they found a small back room in a neighborhood not too pleasant, which they obtained by paying a month's rent in advance, and into which, after various delays, they moved.

Mrs. Martin kissed them good-bye with her hand on the door-key, but kept them a moment longer to give them a basket, which Polly had often helped her to bring home from market.

"It's your market-basket, dear," she said to Phyllis; "you will need it if you are going to provide your own table. And I knew you would be too tired to do anything to-night but what is absolutely necessary, so I have laid in a few cold things, which I had left, for your supper; and next door you will find another basket, with a kettle, a frying-pan, and half a dozen dishes in it. I shan't want them for a good while—perhaps never—and Polly can come back to-morrow and get it."

"Thank you," said Phyllis, with a quick rush of tears; but Polly began immediately to rejoice at the prospect of housekeeping.

"You shall see, Miss Phyllis, what a nice housekeeper I am! I can buy things for next to nothing, and get up a nice dinner! You see I'm used to that. It's what I had to do, before my own mother died, and your dear mother took me from my poverty and friendlessness to wait on her."

The little room which they had secured was not over clean, and Polly persuaded her mistress to sit in the landlady's kitchen, while she went up with broom and brush to make things respectable.

The basket which Mrs. Martin had put into her hand, she set away in the closet without opening, and when the room was swept and dusted, she ran down for coal and kindlings, and built a fire to warm and dry the room.

The fire was burning brightly in the rusty stove, which Polly promised herself to brighten the next day; a lamp was lighted on the table, over which Polly had spread two large white towels; and the room, though small and uninviting as to furniture, looked quite cosy and cheerful when Phyllis came up to take off her bonnet and shawl.

When they were laid away, Polly brought out the unopened basket, and found in it a generous round of cold corned beef, a loaf of bread, some fresh biscuits, a little pat of nice sweet butter, and three homemade pies.

"There, now!" said Polly, spreading her treasures out upon the table; "who says Mrs. Martin isn't a jewel of a woman! And see here, two plates and knives and forks! If she ain't blessed every day of her life, it'll be because the blessing goes astray. There's surely one belongs to her!"

They were both tired and hungry, and if the kind-hearted widow could have seen them that night at their humble table, she would have been amply repaid for all she had done for Jamie's good friend and her young lady.

Phyllis took everything which Polly offered her, and felt new courage fill her heart as the food disappeared.

They had, at least, food enough for three or four days, and had time to look about for work.

When ten o'clock came, Phyllis undressed and prepared for bed with a sigh of relief; and Polly threw down a couple of old cushions, she had begged of their landlady, in one corner of the room and spread over them a dilapidated-looking quilt.

"What are you doing, Polly?" asked Phyllis, lifting her head to look at her.

"Making my bed, ma'am," Polly replied, demurely. "It'll be lowly, but comfortable, and I'll maybe dream sweeter dreams on it than if it was of down."

"You are to put those cushions right away, and come to bed with me. This bed is wide enough for two, and I won't have you sleeping on the floor! Forgive me, Polly, that I did not think of it sooner," said Phyllis, with a beautiful flush on her cheeks.

But if Phyllis' cheeks were like sweet blush roses, Polly's were like peony's.

"Don't say a word, please, dear Miss Phyllis; these cushions are stuffed with feathers, and fit for a queen to sleep on. Only make yourself comfortable, and I shan't know a want."

"It won't do, you dear little Polly!" Phyllis said, with quivering lips. "I shall not consent to be so selfish, even to oblige you. Beside, we've not many covers, and it's chilly at night, even if it is almost May. So bundle away your cushions—we will put them over our trunks to-morrow for a lounge—and come to bed."

Polly knew it would be no good to remonstrate, and she felt, too, a longing to come near and comfort the young mistress who had always been so kind to her; so she obediently prepared herself for bed, and crept in by Phyllis, and, for the hundredth time in her life, felt that in spite of trouble and poverty, God was very good to her.

Companionship was fast making them friends; the unhappy pride which had been Phyllis Hawthorne's sin—the only drawback to a gentle, womanly character—she was with her own hand putting away; and the little roughnesses of the servant were fast wearing away under the touch of real sympathy and affection.

The hand of an all-wise Father was upon them; lifting them, amid all their trials, into higher, purer realms of thought, and moulding their characters anew.

Polly never felt herself a servant after that night! But greater trials than any they had yet known were awaiting them.

Phyllis Hawthorne, the petted child of fortune, who had from childhood till her mother's death known no denial of any wish, was to learn what it meant to be cold and hungry and desolate.

It was many days after this before either of them found any work to do, by which they could earn their daily bread.

Phyllis was glad that she had paid the month's rent in advance, and she had now to dispose of her watch, one of her father's gifts, to realize the money necessary to procure their food and some of the simple comforts of life, which she felt as if she could not do without.

Day after day, she came back to their little room, almost discouraged at her want of success, until Polly, moved by the look of suffering in her sweet, wan face, begged her to write to Doctor Matthews, and see if he would not befriend them.

But Phyllis thought of Darley—the man she still loved so fondly, but who had long ago given her up, and would not do anything to put herself in communication with him.

"No," she said, sorrowfully; "if it is my lot to suffer, I will suffer alone. I will not cry for pity to those who have known me in brighter days. Doubtless my father and his wife are at Hawthorne Banks again, and you know, Polly, I could never go back and face that woman!"

So Polly went out again, determined to find *something* to do, and going in one door after another with the same request, she was finally successful.

She found a gentleman who had just rented two handsome offices, which he wanted swept and put in order every morning, and he offered her two dollars a week to do it.

Poor Polly! She would have done it for one quarter that sum, and her heart leaped for joy at the liberal terms.

He was a young physician, just commencing practice, and contact with baser minds had not yet made him sordid or avaricious.

A week later Phyllis, too, found work at a shop, where girls are overworked and underpaid, and poor as the prospect was she welcomed it, for she could not bear to think of being idle while Polly labored for them both; for the gentleman who had first engaged her recommended her to two or three of his friends, and brave little Polly suddenly found her hands full.

Once a week, Phyllis went for her work, coming and going silently, making no acquaintances and courting no friendship.

It was the first day of summer that, in a new, pretty chintz dress, she came down for her bundle of work.

It was not quite ready, and the clerk asked her to walk into the inner room and sit down.

Unfortunately for her peace of mind, she had to wait so long that the youngest member of the firm, a man notorious for evil conduct toward the young women in his employ, reached the store, and seeing the shadow of a bonnet in the glass opposite the door, walked in unannounced.

Phyllis rose in some embarrassment, and would have withdrawn, but with a touch of his hand on her arm, he detained her.

"Did you wish to see me?" he asked, softly, trying to discern her features under the veil which she always wore.

"I wished to see no one," was the unexpected reply. "I was directed to wait here while my work was being prepared, but I think it must be ready now."

And she made another movement to go.

"Excuse me," he said, standing in her way; "I will make the inquiries for you. It will not be pleasant for you to go to the workroom."

Before she could refuse he was gone.

Gone—to make inquiries as to her name and residence—to find out how often she came, and if she always came alone.

He came back smiling, with the work in his hand, and walked with her through the store, shutting the door politely after her.

"I flatter myself I've made a good impression, at least," he said, lifting his hat as she walked away.

But a moment later, he had darted out a side door, and was following her retreating footsteps, just keeping her in sight, without allowing himself to be seen, until finally she entered her own door, where Polly was anxiously waiting for her.

"Sit down, dear Miss Phyllis, and let me put away the work. You are tired out with your long walk; you ought to have sent me for it."

And she moved noiselessly about the room, putting away the work, hanging up the bonnet and shawl which Phyllis had hastily thrown aside, and preparing for her own work, the weekly ironing, which she managed to do in their own room.

Phyllis leaned back in her chair watching her, and as she held up a handful of cambric ruffles, neatly crimped, she said suddenly:

"I wonder if it's wrong for me to insist on wearing those ruffles, Polly. Isn't it a leaven of the old pride left?"

"And what if it is?" said Polly, briskly. "*That* wasn't a sinful pride, I am sure, to want to look well in the eyes of those you loved. You havn't any of *them* left," she added, gently, "but I couldn't bear to see you going without them."

"But it makes you extra work every week."

"And do you think I want to forget all the nice bits of work your mother taught me, Miss Phyllis? I may even wear ruffles myself some day! Who knows?"

"Who, indeed!" said Phyllis laughing. "But you deserve to wear them, Polly, and when you are married, I shall make you a sett, myself."

"I'd be proud to wear them, I'm sure, and think no sin in it; but I'm satisfied to wait. I can't be looking for a lover till you've found yours, Miss Phyllis."

"Don't, Polly," Phyllis replied, with trembling lips. "I have lost my lover and shall never, never find him again; but your happiness is all to come."

"Do you really think I'll ever have a lover, Miss Phyllis?"

"I do think so," said Phyllis, gravely. "A brave man, who will love you for your virtues, and for the modest beauty of your face, which is like a bright, wild rose this minute, and who will take you from your lowly place, and see never a shadow of disgrace in it. See if I don't prove a true prophet, dear Polly?"

Polly's blush lighted her face as a fair landscape lights at the dawning of the day, looking a thousand times fairer than it did under the shadows of the twilight.

There was a shy, frightened consciousness in it, too, which Phyllis, in the preoccupation of sorrowful thoughts and memories, failed to see; yet, weeks afterward, a sudden remembrance of Polly's face, as it looked at that moment, flashed across her consciousness, and gave her the beginning of a story that was to have such a sweet ending.

A little longer their purse held out; and then, suddenly, without a day's warning, Phyllis' work failed. There was a reduction of hands, and as one of the latest comers, she was among the first to go.

That night she came home wearied and depressed, and all Polly's bright sayings could not comfort her.

"You do well, Polly, and you had better leave me. I am only a dead weight to keep you back in the world."

"I have no world but where you are, dear Miss Phyllis! Haven't you taken me from a servant's place and made me your friend and companion? Haven't you taught me your own delicate ways, and helped me to get rid of the uncouth manners I once had? You were a lady at heart, dear Miss Phyllis, and you are helping me to be one. Don't send me away, unless you are tired of helping me!"

And Polly knelt down beside her friend and folded her arms across her lap.

She was on the point of confessing her secret and claiming her sympathy and advice, when there was a sound of hurried steps upon the landing outside their door, and a bold knock that made the door rattle.

"Who can it be?" cried Polly, starting up in alarm.

"Some one who has come to the wrong door, probably," Phyllis replied. "Wait, I will open the door. You would frighten anybody with your pale face and wild eyes."

And Phyllis pushed Polly behind her and unlocked her door.

It was Aaron Gunn, the junior partner in the firm by which she had that day been discharged.

He walked in without invitation, and sat down in Phyllis' chair.

"To what am I indebted for this visit, Mr. Gunn?" she asked, a little ray of hope in her sky.

She thought for a moment that there had been some mistake in her dismissal, and poor as the pay had been, it was an assurance against starvation.

She quite forgot for the moment the strangeness of his appearance in her room.

"I have only just learned that you were sent away without work to-day, Miss Hawthorne, and I could not sleep until I had assured you that if our firm cannot give you work, I will not see you want for anything."

Phyllis' eyes were opened instantly.

"You will oblige me by leaving my room instantly," she said, with haughty decision. "I have left your employ, and I shall certainly refuse to place myself under any obligations to you."

There was a dark scowl on his face, as he listened to her words.

"You may be glad to accept my protection yet," he said, with a sneer. "I admire you, and am willing to take you to a better place than this and do well by you, if you are docile; but if you put on airs with me, it will be the worse for you! I can hinder you from getting employment elsewhere, if I choose!"

"What does he mean, Miss Phyllis?" cried Polly, starting up from the seat behind the door where she had remained until then unseen.

"Oh, you're another, are you? Well your face isn't a bad one, and I think I know a gentleman who would take you off my hands, my dear!"

"How dare you sit there a minute!" cried Polly, in indignation. "If you don't go out of that door at once, I shall go for some one to put you out!"

"Don't trouble yourself, my dear. I intend to stay where I am to-night! Your worthy landlady is jingling my money in her pocket, and will not mind anything you happen to say."

But Polly rushed by him down the stairs, only aware of the mistake she had made when she heard Phyllis call her name twice, in a frightened voice, and then the door shut and locked.

And she was on the outside!

She was so excited by fear and anger that she did not hear the other steps coming up the stairs, until a man stumbled almost against her in the darkness, and a familiar voice asked:

"Can you tell me where I can find Miss Polly Topton?"

"Oh, Mr. Fields, I am so glad it is you!" she said, in a voice trembling with excitement. "You are a brave man, and you are just in time."

"In time for what, my little friend?" he asked.

But he did not wait for an answer, for at that moment, loud and clear, rang out a woman's voice in a cry for help!

"*Polly, Polly! Oh, help me! Come, quick!*"

CHAPTER XXVI.

FOUND AT LAST.

We left Bertha Hawthorne and her new-found friend on their way to plead with Judith for liberty.

Liberty to go away, where her enemy could not trace her—liberty to find her child and hold her once more against her heart—liberty to find her husband, and save him, possibly, from a contemplated sin.

And Eudora would go with her, for by the anguish at her heart she knew that when Bertha Hawthorne found her husband, she should have found her long-lost child—the baby Felicie, mourned so long, not the innocent child who had clung about her neck and kissed her cheeks—ah, no, a woman now who had walked in the paths of sin, but her child still!

And would not mother-love prevail over everything else? Would she not for her mother's sake leave those ways of wickedness, and go away with her to some quiet, humble home, where they might live for each other and find peace and happiness at last?

Judith Nickerson was placed all at once in a very difficult position.

She had taken Gustave Feder's money, and had promised to keep her prisoner secure until he came again. It wanted three weeks yet of the appointed time, and—yet could she refuse their prayers, when, too, it was as much Dora's wish as that of the woman she had been hired to conceal.

For Dora concealed nothing from her beloved Judith. She told her the whole sad truth as she had heard it from Bertha Hawthorne's lips, and went down on her knees to beg her to release her friend, and to shut up the dreary old house, and come with them herself, far away from all that could put her in mind of the past sad years of her life.

"I am afraid it is impossible," Judith said, though she lifted Dora up and kissed her many times before she said it.

But, held there in her sister's tender embrace, Eudora did not despair.

"You have wasted your best years here, dear Judy, you and Gault together, and now that the day of freedom comes, will you refuse to take it? Do come, for *my* sake, Judy! You have taken such care of me, that I fear I shall hardly be fit to take care of myself."

"Oh, Dora, do not tease me! Indeed, I cannot do it. I shall never give up your friend to the wicked man who brought her here, but I must stay until he comes, and demand justice for her. You shall take the money I have saved for you, and go and find your child, if she is indeed alive."

"There is only one thing to be done, if you will not consent to go with us. You shall keep the money you have earned by such cruel hardships, and I will go out into the world and earn enough to take me back to France, for it is there I shall find my child."

"Dora! Dora! Surely you will not be so cruel to me!"

There was a twinkle in her sister's eyes which Judith did not see, but her words were still firm.

"I knew you would make me the offer, dear, for I know your kind, self-sacrificing heart to its bottom thought, but I cannot consent to let you rob yourself of everything for me. No. If you will not come, I must depend on myself."

"I think," said Bertha, who had been a silent listener till then, going up and taking Judith's hand, "that you are not really bound to keep me here. Gustave Feder sought to take my life—how I was saved I do not yet know; but he is at heart a murderer, and I will not trust myself with him again. I shall be twice as cunning as you are, because I shall feel that my life is at stake, and I tell you frankly that I shall do my best to escape and go to my child. And I shall succeed," she said, smiling. "A mother can accomplish things for the sake of her child that any other woman would fear to undertake."

"You hear that, Judy? You'd better give in like the sweet woman you are, and not be bringing mischief on their two heads. I'm ready to stop housekeeping any time you say so, and I'd like a taste of foreign life."

"You, too, Gault!" Judith began, mournfully.

But one look into his fond, faithful eyes decided her, and running across the room, almost upsetting Dora in her way, she threw herself sobbing on her husband's breast.

"Let us be happy, then!" she said, looking up into his honest face.

"Of course we will be happy, good wife," he said, pushing back the hair from her brow and kissing her—"of course we will be happy; but don't you think you are beginning to be happy in a queer way? Wipe your eyes now, and smile again as you used to do in the old days before trouble come to us, and I shall believe that I've really got my sweetheart back again."

Judith laughed before the tears on her cheeks were dry.

"Oh, Gault, don't you see I've got gray threads in my hair, already? Or are you blind when love leads you?"

"None so blind as them that won't see," he replied, stroking her white cheek with his rough hand; "and I never mean to see anything in your dear face but what's beautiful!"

"I had forgot everybody but myself," she said, turning suddenly around and beaming down on the two who watched her curiously, with her dark, handsome eyes. "It seems so strange to cast off all care at once. I really believe I shall grow young again."

"Of course you will," said Dora, tenderly; while Bertha shut her eyes and thanked God for the blessing He was about to show her, unworthy as she was of any such blessing.

From that very hour they began to make all the necessary arrangements for leaving the gloomy old house in the Hatterline Hills.

And since the quiet order which had so long been an established rule had been broken up, there were all kinds of mirthful resurrections.

Gault went to the nearest town, taking Eudora with him—Eudora, with her delicate tastes and good judgment—and together they selected and paid for numerous fabrics, which, when made up by three pair of busy fingers, should transform the household, so soberly appareled, into a gay, fashionable family who were going to France for pleasure.

Bertha Hawthorne passed from the ghostly chamber which she had so long occupied to a seat by the cheerful family table. She had resumed something of her old dignity, and Eudora and Judith were awed a dozen times a day, though Gault only laughed at them, and told them there was nothing he could see to be afraid of.

Eudora Montcontour had, at her sister's request, taken up her music again, and morning, noon and night the old house resounded with her songs.

Merry strains floated from her lips whenever she had listeners, but alone, in the silence of her own room, instead of the bright, stirring English songs which they all loved, she would sing sad melodies which had no name but in her own heart; for, at such times, she would remember all that she had lost in life, and the possibly severer trials that were yet in store for her.

They had no neighbors. There had been no one to watch their coming, and there were none to wonder at their going, when, two weeks later, three women and a man passed silently out of the old house, down the damp walks, and took their places in the carriage which had been hired to convey them to the nearest railway station.

Wait—there was one person who watched curiously these events.

He had come stealthily up the hilly path, rough and narrow and overgrown with vines, which ran along one side of the roadway; for what purpose no one but himself knew. His hired cab had been left a mile away at the intersection of two lonely roads, and he had not confided to the driver, who sat on his box carelessly whistling the refrain to a popular song, not interesting to refined ears, any of his plans or purposes.

It was clear that he had intended to bring some one back with him, for there was a well-filled hamper under the seat, and a cloak lying unfolded on the seat; but the late intention was being frustrated.

For it came to pass that the travelers were going single file down the long walk, at the very moment that he had chosen to emerge from the shelter of the overhanging pines.

"So, ho! The game is being started under my very eyes! Wise old wolf, to have nothing to pay for the rescue of the lamb! Gar, but it's a funny little dodge all round! Did the honest young Judy dream her paymaster was near, and does she with generous soul leave me my yellow gods? Ah, I think not so, but I take the good the devil leaves me!"

And with a knowing nod of his head and a twinkle of his cold, blue eyes, he tramped back along the path he had so recently followed.

Going down hill is always easier than coming up, as everybody knows, and in an incredibly short space of time, he had reached his cab and leaping inside, banged to the door.

"Is that all?" asked the man on the box, with a wink of his far-seeing eye.

But though the Frenchman cursed him mentally for his "insight," he only stared at him without answering a word.

"Then it isn't all?" continued his tormentor with another wink, more malicious than the first.

"Put your questions to some other fool, my fine fellow, and trouble not my ears. Fancy that you were born dumb for one little minute," he added, holding up one slim finger in warning. "Gar, but it was one narrow escape!" he breathed rather than said, as the other carriage whirled by them, and they were left in the rear undiscovered.

"Now, talk!" said the excited Frenchman, "and make your slow beasts fly down that snaky road. We shall be just three minutes behind the sly madam!"

"You don't mean to tell me that she did actually come out without hands this time? What a famous doctor the handsome Judy must be!"

"Not she!" cried the Frenchman. "If my medicines make dead, they make alive again. It is all one fine art, fellow!"

"Fellow, yourself!" muttered the driver. "If I should tell all I know, there'd be some folks would open their eyes wider before night!"

But evidently, he thought he should not meet with any great reward; and for the rest of their journey, he kept a wise silence, which was scarcely broken when he held in his hand the shining yellow coins left there by the "queer foreigner," who bought a ticket for New York, and, entering the next car behind that in which our family of travelers had taken their seats, was whirled away into the darkness.

The "queer foreigner" still followed the party of four, when they went on board the steamer Helicon, two days later, and himself unseen, kept constant watch of them till they entered the gay city of Paris, one dark, rainy morning, and even then followed them a square behind, until he had seen the hotel they entered.

Half an hour afterward, he walked in and boldly registered his name just under that of Mrs. Hawthorne, as

"Monsieur Feder—Bordeaux."

It was only after ten days anxious search that any clue was found by the four friends to the whereabouts of the man and woman they had come so far to find.

Only after long journeys through the streets of the great city, after examining the "book" at all the principal hotels, after haunting constantly the places of public amusement, and finding themselves still foiled, did they stumble, accidentally, as it seemed to them, but really in accordance with Gustave Feder's cunningly-arranged plans, upon an individual who professed to know exactly where to put his hand upon Monsieur Hawthorne and his beautiful wife.

Long before this, Gustave Feder had been able to ferret out, as he thought, another valuable secret, which was that the lady, they all called Eudora, was Felicie's mother.

He had heard the old story of the insane wife, who had been shut up somewhere to be out of the way, from a dozen different acquaintances; and so used was he to queer *denouements* and unexpected revelations, that it did not strike him as at all wonderful that Felicie's mother should re-appear after her long incarceration at the old house in the Hatterline Hills.

He had been told that it was a House of Secrets, and one more or less could not surprise him.

He had the room at the hotel next to that occupied by Gault Nickerson and his wife, and one night, listening at a small hole in the wall, as was his nightly custom, he heard them say that Eudora had determined to go the next day and have an interview with her daughter.

"She has set her heart on winning her back," Judith said, earnestly, "and I hope she may succeed. I think it would break her heart if she were to fail now!"

"Bah! hearts don't break!" he muttered, as he put out his light and quietly closed his eyes. "The good mother will fail, surely!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GUARD OF DEATH.

The horrors of war have been detailed in almost infinite variety — affording themes of inexhaustible abundance for the moralist, the poet, the historian and the romancer. Abundant in such details of suffering must have been the disastrous campaign of Napoleon in Russia—or, rather the most disastrous portion of that campaign, the retreat from Moscow.

The ordinary disasters of a retreat through an enemy's country were, in this instance, fearfully aggravated by the intense severity of the cold; and that of the multitudes who perished, there were thousands who sank beneath its rigors, for hundreds that fell beneath the lances of the Cossacks. Yet the assaults of these roving warriors of the desert were fearfully destructive. Hovering in small bands around the divisions of the retreating Frenchmen, and never failing to strike whenever a small party of the enemy became separated from the main body on its march—and such separations were daily becoming more frequent, through the relaxation of discipline, and the increasing want of provisions—there was no possibility of either resisting or escaping their attacks.

Well mounted on their fleet and hardy coursers, such was the rapidity of their movement that they seemed to spring up from the earth—always appearing when least expected, and, if repulsed, scouring away with a celerity that defied pursuit, even if the worn and harassed Frenchmen had been able to attempt it. For them, indeed, there was but one resource. To keep as closely as possible together—when attacked by the Cossacks to form in solid squares, and meet the shock—and, above all, to pursue their march with the least possible intermission; for those who halted died.

Thus were the remains of Napoleon's great army toiling back across the frightful wastes of that inhospitable region, but daily leaving thousands of their number stiffening on its snows; the troops of the Cossacks sweeping around them, and bringing up their rear, ready to pick up every straggler whom fatigue or the hope of greater safety in isolated progress had separated from his fellows.

The main body had passed on; and there was solitude on the vast and naked steppe which they had traversed. The cold was dreadful, and a driving storm of snow was whitening the ground, to which that intense frost had given the rigidity of marble.

Afar off, in the remotest verge of the horizon, a dark object might be seen, dimly, through the snow; and from another quarter comes whirling on a troop of Cossacks, with many a wild hurrah. Their leader points to the dark object in the distance, and away they scour across the plain in the direction of his spear. As they approach, they see with grim delight that a band of Frenchmen is before them—but these, it seems, are prepared for the attack. The square is formed—the bayonets at a charge.

The Cossacks gallop round and round, as if seeking for a point of vantage to attack—the Frenchmen stand firm, presenting everywhere a bold and steady front, which seems to dash the courage of the assailants. Meantime, the snow comes down in wreaths, and is fast gathering in white masses on the dark uniforms of the brave Frenchmen.

Round and round the Cossacks wheel, approaching nearer every moment—yet not a hand is stirred in that human citadel; not a musket is fired, although every shot might tell.

At length the leader of the Cossacks shouts, "Forward, to the charge!" and with a rush they fling themselves upon the—dead. At the first shock, the foremost rank of Frenchmen falls, a row of stiffened corses, on the plain. They had been frozen to death, there where they stood; and there, perhaps, they would have stood, until the next summer's heat had given relaxation to their rigid muscles, but for the wild attack of the fierce desert warriors.

A SINGULAR "LULLABY."—Some of the hill tribes in Northern India have a peculiar way of sending their babes to sleep, which is thus described: Near a hollow bamboo, which served as a spout, through which the cool water of the mountain stream poured forth in a jet, was disposed the head of an infant, who was lying covered warmly and fast asleep. The bamboo spout was so placed that the water played upon the crown of the baby's head over a part which seemed bald of hair, a consequence perhaps of the habitual action of the water. The children (there were two of them) were lying on their right sides and perfectly still, one would fancy in a state of stupefaction. They had been lying for an hour and a half, we were told, and would be there till nine at night—in all between four and five hours. We felt the face of one of them and found it cold, and then held the wrist, but could detect no pulse. Yet these hill people are convinced that the strange practice, which is quite general, helps to strengthen the brain, and makes the children not only healthy, but hardy and fearless.

LIFE BENEATH THE WAVES.

BY CAPTAIN BOYTON.

The first coral I ever raised was in Catoche, when I was working down into the Gulf of Mexico, some years ago. While employed thus I heard of the loss of the schooner Foam. The first mate and three men got saved, but the captain, his daughter and three men got lost. I slung round to see if she could be raised. After we'd spent the best part of the week, we sailed over her and dropped anchor. It was a lovely Sunday morning when we struck her. She lay in sixty feet of water on a bottom as white as the moon. Looking down I could see her leaning over on one side upon the coral reef. When I got down to her I saw she'd torn a great gap in the reef when she run against it. The mainmast was gone and hung by the fore. I clambered up. I saw whole shoals of fish playing in and out of the hatches. First I went to look for the bodies, for I never like to work while there's any of them about. Finding the forecastle empty I went to the two little state cabins. It was rather dark, and I had to feel in the lower bunks. There was nothing in the first, and in the other the door was locked. I pried it open, and shot back the lock with my adze. It flew open, and out something fell right against me. I felt at once it was the woman's body. I was not exactly frightened, but it shook me rather. I slung it from me and went out into the light a bit until I had got hold of myself. Then I turned and brought her out—poor thing! She'd been very pretty, and as I carried her in my arms, with her white face nestling against my shoulder, she seemed as if she was only sleeping. I made her fast to the line as carefully as I could to send her up, and the fish played about her as if they were sorry she was going. At last I gave the signal, and she went slowly up, her hair floating round her head like a pillow of golden seaweed. That was the only body I found there, and I managed after to raise pretty considerable of the cargo.

One of my expeditions was among the silver banks of the Antilles, the loveliest place I ever saw, where the white coral grows into curious tree-like shapes. As I stepped along the bottom it seemed as if I were in a frosted forest. Here and there trailed long fronds of green and crimson seaweed. Silver-bellied fish flashed about among the deep brown and purple sea-ferns, which rose high as my head. Far as I could see all round in the transparent water were different colored leaves, and on the floor piles of shells so bright in color that it seemed as if I had stumbled on a place where they kept a stock of broken rainbows. I could not work for a bit, and had a quarter determination to sit down for a while and wait for a mermaid. I guess if those sea girls hive anywhere, that is the spot.

After walking the inside out of half an hour I thought I had better go to work and blast for treasure. A little bit on from where I sat were the remains of a treasure ship. It was a Britisher, I think, and corals had formed all about what was left of her. The coral on the bottom and round her showed black spots. That meant a deposit of either iron or silver. I made fairly good hauls every time I went down, and sold one piece I found to Barnum, of New York.

After I left there I had a curious adventure with a shark. I was down on a nasty rock bottom. A man never feels comfortable on them; he can't tell what big creature may be hiding under the huge quarter-deck sea leaves which grow there. The first part of the time I was visited by a porcupine fish, which kept sticking its quills up and bobbing in front of my helmet. Soon after I saw a big shadow fall across me, and looking up, there was an infernal shark playing about my tubing. It makes you feel chilly in the back when they're about. He came down to me slick as I looked up. I made at him and he shied off.

For an hour he worked at it, till I could stand it no longer. If you can keep your head level it's all right, and you're pretty safe if they're not on you sharp. This ugly brute was twenty feet long, I should think, for when I lay down all my length on the bottom he stretched a considerable way ahead of me, and I could see him beyond my feet. Then I waited. They must turn over to bite, and my lying down bothered him. He swam over me three or four times, and then skulked off to a big thicket of seaweed to consider. I knew he'd come back when he'd settle his mind. It seemed a long time waiting for him. At last he came viciously over me, but, like the time before, too far from my arms. The next time I had my chance, and ripped him with my knife as neatly as I could. A shark always remembers he's got business somewhere else when he's cut, so off this fellow goes. It is a curious thing, too, that all the sharks about will follow in the trail he leaves. I got on my hands and knees, and as he swam off I noticed four shadows slip after him. I saw no more that time. They did not like my company.

A JAPANESE RESORT.

A Japan correspondent describing a favorite resort near Yeddo, says: "The top of the bluff has been leveled so that it forms a pretty little plateau. This is lined all around with great trees and little tea-booths, the latter being placed on the edge of the hill so as to command a fine view. These tea-booths are mere sheds, open on all sides, with mat-covered floors. They are each manned—if I may be allowed the expression—with a very ugly old woman and two girls. The old lady makes the tea, counts the change, and relieves her mind and testifies her good feelings by an occasional grin through a couple or so of very black teeth. The girls bring you the viands and take your orders. The whole force marshals itself in battle array just outside of the booth at the appearance of a prospective customer, and with much clapping of hands invites him to come into the establishment and squat—or words to that effect. You approach the long line of booths, and the scene becomes very animated. "Erashai okakinasai" (come in and take a seat) shouts one old lady, and "Epuku oangnasai" (take a cup of tea), howls another farther down; and then they all clap their hands, while the "Erashias" and "Epukus" resound along the whole line like the popping of fire-crackers. Should one be able to resist the temptation to "Erashai" or "Epuku," the visit to the grounds of Uyeno will repay for the trouble. They are laid out most beautifully, and are interspersed here and there with groves of ancient trees, whose overhanging boughs shadow shrines and temples.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

TO TAKE OUT MILDEW. — Use bar soap and powdered chalk. Wet the cloth, rub on the mixture, and lay in the sun. Lemon juice is very good, also.

A GOOD way to clean black kid gloves is to take a teaspoonful of salad oil, drop a few drops of ink in it, and rub it over the gloves with the tip of a feather; then let them dry in the sun.

TO MAKE BLUE INK.—Dissolve one ounce of gum arabic in a pint of water; in a part of this water grind a small quantity of best Prussian blue, and you may then bring it to any depth of color you choose.

THE exact loss of different meats in cooking may not be generally known to housekeepers. Beef in boiling loses twenty-six pounds in one hundred pounds, or rather more than a quarter; in roasting it loses one-third; and in baking very nearly the same. Legs of mutton lose one-fifth in boiling, and one-third in roasting; and a loin of mutton in roasting loses rather more than one-third.

TO DESTROY FLIES.—The only thing that keeps down the plague of flies is to shut up the room for an hour or two, when the flies will generally fly to the window; then, with a small bellows full of insect powder, carefully dust every accessible place. In a short time the flies become torpid, and may be swept up in a dust pan and burnt. They should be killed at once, for they revive very quickly if the fresh air gets at them. If this is done about once a week it certainly reduces, though nothing will entirely get rid of the nuisance.

FREEZING MIXTURES.—Freezing mixtures can be thus made: 1. Muriate of ammonia, one pound; saltpetre (washed), one pound; common soda, two pounds. Well pound together (dry). Put the bottles into a vessel and add the mixture. Agitate well, and cover with a wet cloth. In half an hour the drink or wine is ready. 2. Two pounds of snow or pounded ice, and three pounds of crystallized chloride of calcium. This salt of lime produces intense cold. 3. Four pounds of sulphate of soda (Glauber's salts) and two pounds and a half of hydrochloric acid (muriatic acid). 4. One pound of nitrate of ammonia (this salt can be used again if evaporated till dry), one pound of carbonate of soda, and one pint of water. 5. Ten ounces of sal-ammonia, ten ounces of saltpetre, sixteen ounces of Glauber's salts, and two pints of water.

NEWS OF INTEREST

THERE are 800 paper mills in the United States, with a capital of $40,000,000, and producing annually $70,000,000 worth of paper.

JUDGE MYRICK, of California, has decided that a man undergoing an imprisonment for life is civilly dead and his wife a widow.

CHINA is becoming a large consumer of American cotton goods, a single Massachusetts factory having recently received an order for 12,000 bales of the product of its looms.

NORTH AMERICA now has communication with Europe through five cables. The first was laid in 1866; the second, in 1869; the third, in 1873; the fourth, in 1874; and the last has just been completed.

THE idea that a marriage between first cousins is injurious, and generates insanity is exploded. Darwin has been investigating the matter, and finds that facts do not support the popular theory.

THE largest lobster which has been brought into the Boston market for fifteen years was caught at Eastport, Me., the other day. It measured three feet five inches in length, and weighed nineteen pounds.

A TRAIN load of provisions shipped from Chicago for Liverpool, recently made the passage from Chicago to Queenstown, in the "Parthia," from Boston, in thirteen days and twenty and a half hours—the quickest on record.

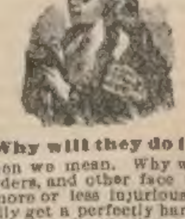
THERE is at present resident in Dublin a great niece of the poet Goldsmith, a very aged woman (she is now eighty-five years old), suffering from ill health and extreme poverty, her whole maintenance being a weekly allowance of four shillings from a charitable fund.

VELOCIPEDES have just been adopted by the Italian army, and are now used for the carrying of despatches from the various corps to general headquarters. They go at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and thus save a great deal of horse flesh. The innovation has turned out so useful that each corps will be provided with velocipedes for its couriers.

AT Kansas City lately an elephant turned pickpocket. A rosy-cheeked apple, in the pocket of a fair, unconscious damsel, was too much for his virtue and he confiscated it. Having once begun the downward career he, no doubt, formed the opinion that it was as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and so he cleaned her pocket out. Presently he wished he hadn't. It contained a bottle of ammonia, and the elephantine stomach was strangely surprised.

"Children's Lives Saved for 50 Cents."

EVERY CASE OF CROUP CAN BE Cured when first taken by Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, warranted for 27 years, and never a bottle returned. It also cures Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, and External Pains. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.



Why will they do it?

The women we mean. Why will they use chalk, powders, and other face preparations that are more or less injurious, when they can so easily get a perfectly harmless toilet, one that has been chemically analyzed by the Metropolitan Board of Health, and pronounced to be harmless and entirely free from anything injurious by some of the most eminent physicians of New York City. Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for beautifying the skin. Sold at all Druggists and Fancy Goods stores.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1876
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.

Saturday Evening, Sept. 11, 1875.

☞ Mr. J. F. Foster, *No. 9 Milk street, Boston, Mass., is the authorized agent for receiving Subscriptions or Advertisements for this paper, from New England or Canada.*

WEEK AFTER NEXT

we shall commence a new serial entitled

THE LOST DIAMOND,

BY

MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

To the old readers of the Post the name of this talented writer will be very familiar, as she has been a contributor to our columns for years past.

Mrs. Hosmer's own opinion of this, her latest production, will be seen from the following extract from a letter just received by us.

Washington, D. C., Friday.

Messrs. Reed, Wickersham & Co.—Gents:—I send you the remainder of "The Lost Diamond." I shall never write a better story than this, and I only hope you will be as well satisfied with it as I am. Yours, truly,

M. Hosmer.

We are sure our readers will agree with us in pronouncing

THE LOST DIAMOND

one of the very best stories that we have ever published in the Post.

ONLY A LITTLE SCREW LOOSE!

That's all. It's only a little screw loose somewhere. He would be all right only for that. He's a good sort of fellow in his way—naturally good-hearted—means to do everything that is right—but —

Ah! there is the loose screw. But for that!

Did you ever hear your neighbor make such a remark about you? And did you lay the flattering unction to your soul that it didn't much matter? If only one screw was loose, you would soon come out all right?

Well, so far as any moral reliance upon you is concerned, your whole structure, mental and physical, might as well be knocked into wreck and ruin as for you to go on with that one little screw loose. Before you can be trusted, you must tighten up the very last atom of your machinery, and see that every trap is in accord with every other part.

Man is not unlike a watch in this respect. You have a fine chronometer, from the hands of one of the most approved of living makers; every effort of genius, skill, and care has been bestowed upon the work, outside and in. By and by the chronometer moves uncertainly, and finally stops. You take it to a watchmaker, and he looks into it, and says, "Only a little screw loose."

That's all. Amid all that delicate machinery, among the many nicely adjusted parts, only one poor little screw is loose. And yet, for all legitimate purposes of a time-keeper, the whole watch might as well be crushed into utter ruin, as to leave that one screw loose.

We are not apt to fully realize the importance of the little things of life. Life—that life which makes the man—is made up of many, very many, parts, all delicately and nicely adjusted; and he who would be relied upon, who would be trusted, must have no loose screws in the machinery of his being—not one. Right is Right, and if there be a screw loose, all is Wrong; and, until that screw is tightened to its proper bearing, trust and reliance in that particular being are lost.

THE TIME WILL COME.

Wait and hope: How much is contained in those words! How many people wait when they see plank after plank slip slowly but surely from under their tired feet. Then one by one their hopes are destroyed, and their false friends turn indifferently away from them in the hour of need. Still with unconquerable spirits they wait for better days, trusting with unfailing trust that those days will come. And they will.

Oh, poor pilgrims in life's dreary waste, have courage! Fight life's battle with brave, strong hearts, and when the end comes you will find peace. Is it not better, when we are nearing the "shadowy vale," waiting for the reaper to close our eyes for our last long sleep, to feel that we tried to be true, and that if there was sin committed it was not our sin? This side of the hill we must climb is dark and rough, and as we look about us, our dimmed eyes can see no glimmer of light, no smooth place for our weary feet; but if we only would trust Him a little longer—only had the faith to tread the path before us with patience and endurance, on the other side we should find rest.

DE SOTO.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Nearly three hundred and forty years ago, in April, 1541, Fernando De Soto, in his adventurous march, discovered the majestic Mississippi, not far from the border of the State of Tennessee. No white man's eye had ever before beheld that flood whose banks are now inhabited by busy millions.

De Soto was born at Xeres de los Caballeros, in Estremadura, a province in Spain, in the year 1500. Being of a noble though reduced family, through the personal favor and influence of Pedrarias Davilla (afterwards governor of Darien) he was enabled to spend several of his earliest years at one of the universities, probably that of Saragossa, where he distinguished himself in his literary studies, but more especially in the athletic accomplishments of knighthood.

In 1519 he accompanied his patron, Pedrarias Davilla, on his second expedition to America as governor of Darien, but though personally so much indebted to him for favors received, he was intrepid enough to courageously oppose the oppressive administration of that officer. He withdrew finally from his service in 1528, and in the same year went to explore the coast of Guatemala and Yucatan for seven hundred miles, in search of the strait which was supposed to connect the two oceans.

By a special request of Pizarro, in 1532, De Soto joined him in his enterprise for conquering Peru, with a promise of being appointed second in command. Being sent in 1533, with fifty horses and a few targeteers, to explore the highlands of Peru, he encountered and defeated two thousand Indians, penetrated through a pass in the mountains, and discovered the great national road which led to the Peruvian capital, and was soon after selected by Pizarro to visit the Inca Stakuallpa as ambassador. After the plot for the capture of the Inca had proved successful, and the latter had paid an immense sum for ransom, De Soto in vain expostulated with Pizarro for treacherously refusing to release the Peruvian monarch.

He was prominent in the engagements which completed the conquest of Peru, and was the hero of the battle which resulted in the capture of the metropolis, Cuzco. He soon after returned to Spain with a fortune of $500,000; met a flattering reception from the emperor, Charles V, made a splendid display at court, and married the daughter of Davilla, the object of an early attachment.

In 1536 the belief was entertained that in the vast region then called Florida was a new El Dorado, richer than any that had been discovered. Of this faith De Soto became the martyr. He proposed to the Emperor to undertake the conquest of Florida at his own expense; and the privilege being conceded to him, many Spanish and Portuguese cavaliers were anxious to enroll themselves among his followers.

With six hundred men, the flower of the peninsula, and twenty-four ecclesiastics and twenty officers, he set sail from San Lucar early in April, 1538. After stopping at Santiago de Cuba, and then at Havana, where it was decided that the ladies attached to the expedition should remain till after the conquest of Florida, he crossed the Gulf of Mexico, and anchored in the Bay of Spiritu Santo (Tampa Bay), May 25th, 1539. His route was through a country already made hostile by the violence of the Spanish invador Narvaez, and he was constantly deluded by the Indians, whose policy it was to send their unwelcome visitors as far away as possible by telling them of gold regions at remote points.

In July, 1539, he sent back his ships to Havana. He discovered a Spaniard, Juan Ortiz, who had been in slavery from the time of Narvaez, and who now served as his interpreetr. He passed the first winter in the country of the Appalachians, east of the Flint river. Directed then to the northeast, he reached in April, 1540, the Ogechu; thence proceeding to the south, he reached the Coosa, and on October 18th the village of Mavilla or Mobile, on the Alabama.

The engagement which ensued here was one of the most sanguinary battles ever fought between Europeans and the North American Indians, the loss of the Spaniards was eighty men and forty-two horse; that of the Indians was reported at twenty-five hundred men. Ships had meanwhile arrived at Ochus (Pensacola), but De Soto proudly refused to send back any message of his fortunes.

He passed the second winter in the country of the Chickasaws, who in the spring burned his camp and their own village when he attempted to force them to carry his baggage. Forty Spaniards perished in the flames and in the night attack.

Soon after beginning his march to the northwest, a pestilential fever carried off nearly a score of his men. He reached the Mississippi after journeying for seven days through a wilderness of forests and marshes, was nearly a month in constructing eight large barges to transport his army, and having crossed the river went north to Pacaha, where he remained from June 19th till July 29th. Thence he marched successively southwest and northwest till he reached the highlands of the White river, in the eastern portion of what is now the Indian territories. This was the western limit of his rambles. He then proceeded south by the hot springs of Arkansas, which his companions at first supposed to be the fabled fountain of youth, and made his third winter station at Autiamque, on the Washita river.

In March and April, 1542, he continued south along the Washito to the Mississippi, and while in vain attempting to descend the banks of the latter, through the bayous and marshes, he was attacked with a malignant fever, and died, after appointing Luis de Moscoso his successor.

His soldiers pronounced his eulogy by grieving for their loss; the priests chanted over his body the first requiems that were ever heard on the waters of the Mississippi. To conceal his death, his body was wrapped in a mantle, and, in the stillness of midnight, was silently sunk in the middle of the stream. The wanderer had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial place.

We can hardly imagine the possible dignity and value of our lives, unless we consider their probable bearing on other lives. A word of cheer, an act of passing kindness, a trifling sacrifice, may be just the help required to give vitality and permanence to good resolves which lead to high endeavor and to generous action.

HOLIDAYS.

Smiles of the year! that, now and then,
Light up its seriousness;
Butterfly-hour, among the bees
That toil in sober dress;
Joy-bells! that ecstasy outpour
Over the crush and press;
Ring on, blithe bells, right merrily;
Yet plaintive that you soon must die!

Gold gleams! that light the sullen sea,
And quickly fleet and fly
Gray fields to emerald to transform,
Brown woods to glorify,
And heather'd hills, that slept in fern,
Touch into jewelry;
Ring on, sweet bells, ring on! Ah, why
Remember that so soon you die?

Dance music! breaking forth sometimes
From graver melodies;
Toy-boats! amid the merchantmen;
Squirrels! among the trees;
Loud laughter! o'er the lake's blue depths;
White billows! on the seas;
Peal forth, glad bells! Yet, ah, we sigh,
Expecting silence suddenly.

Daisies! that star the summer field;
Feathers! upon the stream;
Poppies! amid the sober corn,
That flush their scarlet gleam;
Blossom upon the trees! of which
All the dull year they dream;
Hush! Hark! The bells race rapidly;
Let us not wait to hear them die!

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Of what am I thinking—here in the rainy twilight of "the middle of the year?"

Only of you, and the little gray-haired grandmother, rocking so slowly and—it seems to me—so wearily, at the one window of your house that has no charming outlook; no long, wide stretch of fields, green with grass or white with daisies; no hills, daintily dimpled or proudly defiant, against the tender sky; no brooks with moss-grown banks where the children love to gather, and the birds stay longest from their nests; no softly-wooing, beckoning wood, with its many lights and shadows when the sun shines up in heaven, and its myriad dreams (that have no danger in their deeps) when, as now, the dark comes, and the rain—nothing of all or any of these can the old eyes see, turning hungry for something they know not what, from the world within to the world without; but, instead, the carriage-barn and the cattle-sheds; the beaten paths where the workmen go to the toil that yields *you* treasures of things sweet and beautiful and good, *her* barely enough to sustain life decently.

Do not turn away your face.

You remember how it was, years and years ago, when you first faced up fairly the duties thronging the pathways of a man, when you stood hand in hand with the girl of the golden hair, wondering how best you could realize to her her dream of wedded delight, and prove to her, by a life of true devotion, how well you knew her worth. You remember how *she* came, she, who had loved you—not for a month or for a year of smooth, sweet drifting with the tide, but for good or for ill your whole life long till her own life should be "rounded to a sleep;" how she came, saying:

"You are young and I am old, my children. Here are the title deeds to the land your father and I worked hard to clear, to drain, to stock—and they are yours. Only give me a chair at your table, a corner at your hearth, and a warm place in your hearts till I shall not need them any more."

And you felt so rich that moment, so sure that, come what might, the girl of the golden hair was well provided for, so far, at least, as the comforts of this life go, and so deliriously glad because of it, that you did not see how the old hand shook—the dear old hand that had toiled for you all the days of your life—and would toil on, no matter who should come into your house—*your* house, not *hers* any more! nor how little need there might be. And you scarcely heard—your heart was beating so loud for joy—how the old voice trembled, or saw how the old eyes filled with something that was not laughter, so full were *yours* of the girl of the golden hair.

And she left you alone, you remember—you and your bride of a day—and went softly out to a low mound where the grass had been tangled in its growing by the winds of many summers, and where her heart—all of it that was not yours—had been lying, close to his, that had nor breath nor pulse-beat, nor any memory, nor any lightening love.

And you do not remember that you missed her at all. You do not remember of thinking how much she had resigned, nor how wholly new and strange would be her life henceforth, though lived under the same roof that sheltered her when you were born, and when *he* had fallen on sleep that would know no 'wakening, though the whole world wakened and wept.

You supposed she was simply turning over to other hands the cares that could but burden her—she was grown so old and feeble; and you meant she should miss no good thing out of her life. You *honestly* meant that; and you will open your eyes and your lips indignantly when I tell you that she has missed, and is still missing, almost everything that duty and love demand you should give to her; the best things that the aged and helpless need—things that ought to be hers and that might be—better than not, if you were as thoughtful for her as she for you.

But you are not, and the pattern your conduct is squared to is copied by every member of your household, children, servants and all; and at your door lies the blame and the shame of it.

You built for yourself a new fine house and furnished it handsomely with money made from the land she gave you, but you did not set apart and keep sacred to her sole use the cosiest, cheeriest room of all the rooms.

It is reserved for the occasional guest who shares your hospitality, smiles at your board, praises everything you have and do, and then goes away and criticizes or makes merry at the expense of yourself and your dear ones, who are not quite *au fait* in matters pertaining to the conventional world—though honest to the core.

True, she has never expressed dissatisfaction, and you have not thought much about her surroundings. In fine, you have not been thinking much of her at all. You have been *making money*—making and saving it.

The *ci devant* girl of the golden hair is a busy matron now, a trifle given to *embonpoint* and fretfulness, but devoted to you and to her children, and meaning, as most women do, I think, to make home for you and for them a real rendezvous of cheeriness and rest and sunlight.

But for the mother to whom she is indebted for your very life, which is so precious to her, she has little love, little care, little thought.

Sometimes you are both ashamed of her old-fashioned ways, and are silently glad if she does not come down when callers from town are in, or the minister stops to tea.

"She is so far behind the age!" you say. And yet what pains have you taken to keep her *with* the age? You never read to her, and her eyes are dim from years and their night-time trick of weeping. You never talk to her of anything beyond the limits of your land—seldom of anything within. You meet at table and you are commonly courteous, nothing more. She has plenty to eat, to drink, and to wear, and what more can she ask, you say?

I think she has never *asked anything* at your hands, since she gave you the title-deeds, saying, "Give me a chair at your table, a corner at your hearth, and a warm place in your hearts, till I shall not need them any more." But she has needed and missed *so much!*

Sometimes she cannot sleep o' nights for ache of body and ache of heart. Her blood is thin, her joints rheumatic, her room often without fire when fire is needed most, and she sits staring up at the stars, wondering if *he* sees how she shivers, and how very, very lonely she is, and if the great, true soul of him is not in agony for her.

He was thoughtful always—thoughtful and tender, and yet he "was not, for God took him," and she wishes He had wanted *her*. She is only in the way, she thinks, and you are to blame, if not for the sad thought's birth, at least for its long life, its large development, and the sorrow it gives to the heart it *should* be your dearest joy, as it is your highest duty, to keep cheery and light and warm.

In whose service has she grown old and feeble and blind? Over whose couch has she bent, day time and night time, bathing the fevered brow, kissing the curling hair, smoothing the disordered linen? And always so sweetly patient and loving!

To whom was she proud to give her beauty and her strength? Who owes her a debt he never can pay, though he tries through the years that are eternal?

By and by there will come a morning when your table will be laid, and not for her, when you will go in and out, up-stairs and down, missing her everywhere, and wanting her, as you have never wanted her in all your life before, and you will call out, "Mother! mother!" from the troubled heart of dreams, but she will not answer, because she will be sleeping so soundly in a chamber underground, and you will wake and weep, remembering how well she loved you, and how much you left undone that would have added to her comfort of body and of heart.

But she is with you now. You still have her to love and to cherish. Leave, for a little time, I pray you, all thought of houses and of lands, of money and of men, and go up to the small room where she sits. Put your arms about her as if you loved and meant to protect her, and kiss softly the sad old eyes that have wept for you their bitterest and their happiest tears.

How happy you will make her! And she is so alone up there—so wholly, wholly alone!

Another Saturday night, it may be, she will be beyond the reach of your hands, your lips, your cries. She is very old, and she is very tired.

Be good to her while you may.

THE OYSTER BUSINESS.

Oysters should only be eaten in those months having an R in them. September, therefore, commences the busy season with the large multitudes now employed in the oyster trade. 'Twould be hard to *localize* now the cultivation of these delicious bivalves. Their consumption has attained such a marvelous magnitude, that wherever they will thrive, all along the Jersey coast, in the bays and inlets of New England, and the Atlantic coast, beds have been planted, and will soon supply every city, town and hamlet of the country.

The business of packing and transporting oysters to great distances in the interior has likewise kept pace with the supply. It would be difficult to compute just how many gain their living in our country by catching, packing, transporting and selling oysters, but very many thousands more than is commonly supposed. Even the vessels employed in catching and transporting them are thousands in number.

Our artist has given us a scene very common just at this time on the lower Chesapeake Bay, where it is said the largest, tenderest and most delicious oysters are raised. It is a fleet of oyster boats making ready for a day's catch. It is a view which stirs the blood; all is animation. There is not in the whole picture, a single quiet point. The boats are getting under way with the stiff breeze, and there is not a listless mind nor a relaxed muscle in the entire group. By and by will come winds which will be dangerous, and calms which will be even more dreaded. The work is hard, the risks not slight, the reward not overmuch, but—"men must work and women must weep."

THE GRIEFS OF CHILDHOOD.

These bitter sorrows of childhood! when sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings to fly beyond the days and weeks, and the space from summer to summer seems measureless. "Ah, my child, you will have real troubles to fret about by and by," is the consolation we have all of us had administered to us in our childhood, and have repeated to other children since we have been grown up. We have all of us sobbed so piteously, standing with tiny bare legs above our little socks, when we lost sight of our mother or nurse in some strange place; but we can no longer recall the poignancy of that moment and weep over it, as we do over the remembered sufferings of five or ten years ago. Every one of those keen moments has left its trace, and lives in us still, but such traces have blent themselves irrevocably with the firmer texture of our youth and manhood; and so it comes that we can look at the troubles of childhood with a smiling disbelief in the reality of their pain. Surely, if we could recall that early bitterness, and the dim guesses, the strangely perspectiveless conception of life that gave the bitterness its intensity, we should not pooh-pooh the griefs of our children. Childhood has no forebodings; but then, it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrows.

JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem is remarkable in many ways. First, that she is a mountain city. From all sides you ascend to what is, indeed, a mountain fastness, breathing a mountain air, constituting in her days of glory a mountain throne, bearing on high the mountain sanctuary of Jehovah. Solomon's Temple is imagined as having been distinguished by size, grace, and splendor; but its chief pre-eminence was that it stood upon a lofty summit, and upon a platform rising above that; so that nothing shut it out from view, and it gave a character to the scene over which it spread the wings of Divine protection.

Next to the elevation of this "mountain of the Lord" is its manifest antiquity. There are many ancient places which are all modernized; but, though Jerusalem has been seventeen times destroyed, its battlemented walls show many a stone with ancient carvings; the blocks of the Temple enclosure, at the depth of eighty feet below the street, betray a vast age; the fine ruin of the Knights of St. John, near the Holy Sepulchre, is undoubtedly an antique; while Herod's Tower was actually the work of that king. The general aspect is that of a city which has been destroyed by repeated conflagrations.

One cannot but be struck by the silence embosoming a community supposed to number thirty thousand inhabitants. Palestine has no roads, Jerusalem no factories, the Jew no gaieties; and no a graveyard stillness broods around Mount Zion. On fine days the solitude folding itself around the city is really wonderful. Among those graves of nearly all nations you may look long at noonday for a moving thing, for a stray horse, for a child at play. As vast numbers are buried where the resurrection is expected to begin, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, it is no exaggeration to state that every inch of ground along the entire eastern slope is covered with Turk and Greek, Armenian and Catholic, Jew and Gentile tombstones. The most interesting, of course, are those that profess to honor prophets, apostles, and kings, the graves being cut into the live rock, some of them many-chambered and beautifully ornamented on the front, though not to compare with the immense sepulchres of the Egyptian Thebes.

The finest view of the city is undoubtedly that which the traveler gets last, from the east—upon that grand road from Bethany which Pompey took, rather than that ancient mule path which the Saviour often trod. Here you have full in view the grand Mosque of Omar, towering over the entire scene, a fairy-like building, that lies to the west. On the south is the high pile of the Armenian Convent and the dome over David's Tomb. At the southwest corner stands Herod's Tower, a stately relic, simple and grand; next to this are seen the two domes over the Holy Sepulchre, and the long mass of the Latin Convent stretching to the northwest.

The Dome of the Rock, which marks Jerusalem as that of St. Peter's marks Rome, has no rival for beauty, hardly for sanctity. Believers in three great religions revere the spot where Solomon's Temple once stood: the Mohammedan, who only exalts Mecca a little higher; the Jew, who has had no other actual sanctuary, and who expects to meet a reconciled Jehovah at that accepted shrine; and the Christian, who held it a while through the Crusaders' valor, and is quietly coming into possession of it again. The blue and white Temple seems as a cloud resting for a moment over the altar of so many thousand years' sacrifice, by and by to melt away in the serene heavens.

The recent explorations of English engineers, besides mapping out the whole area belonging to the ancient Court of the Gentiles—an area of one thousand by fifteen hundred feet—have proved all that was conjectured about the antiquity of the beveled stones forming the outer wall. They certainly go back to Solomon, and are remarkable stonework for that early day, though far inferior to the Egyptian masterpieces, where thousands of artisans spent their lives in decorating a single tomb.

The explanation of the compact condition of Jerusalem, shut in by battlemented walls, is that exposure to Bedouin assault which keeps all Palestine on perpetual guard, suffers no man to plough his field unarmed, and forbids entirely that straggling life which marks our peaceful villages in America. Except the cave-dwellers in Siloam, who are too poor to be robbed and too filthy to be visited, nobody sleeps outside of the city; the gates are guarded all day and locked at sundown. The present walls were erected by Selim, the conqueror of Egypt, and, though no defence against modern artillery, they defy any Arab assault.

Among the places of touching memory, is the Pool of Bethesda. It is a reservoir of three hundred and sixty feet by one hundred and thirty, cemented on the sides so as to hold water, crossed over by some lofty arches which sustain a street, and seventy feet below the level on which you stand. But anciently it could not have been more than half that depth, because recent engineering excavations show that at least thirty-five feet of rubbish have accumulated over the remains of ancient Jerusalem. The pool has had no water for centuries; a few wild trees flourish in its damp soil, and, like everything else in the city, it has a terribly desolate look.

Boys and men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundations will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every phase of double-dealing and dishonesty, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

Broken Promises.—Reader, never break your promises! And to this end, never make a promise that you are not sure you can fulfil. You may think it a trifling matter to make an appointment with a friend or agree to do a certain thing, and then fail to "come to time;" but it is assuredly not a small affair.

Personal Items.

Gov. Hartranft and family are at Minnequa Springs.

Mrs. Scott Siddons comes back to us in the autumn—to read.

Prof. Watson, the American astronomer, has arrived at Naples from Pekin, where he observed the transit of Venus.

Joaquin Miller, the "Byron of the Plains," has left Long Branch, and, despite the strong and powerful influence brought to bear, he declined to have his hair cut.

It is a remarkable fact that, while not one ex-President is living, the wives of five of them survive—Mr. Polk, Mrs. Fillmore, Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Johnson.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall says that the best Sunday schools he ever saw or heard of are in North Wales. Every North Welshman who goes to church also goes to Sunday school.

Santa Anna is seventy-seven years old, but is still erect and slender, and his black hair and black eyes preserve their original brilliancy. He is as fond of a "chicken dispute" as ever, but doesn't bet so high; has fewer assets.

Efforts have been made to induce Mr. John Bright to come to this country and lecture. He was offered a blank check to fill up with any sum he pleased, if he would come, but he declined.

A Newport letter writer speaks of Miss Cushman being in a state of constant pain there through the rapidly encroaching inroads of cancer. She, however, continues to receive and make visits and take rides.

Mlle. Aimee is not to return to this country for a year. She gives Wednesday evening receptions in her superb apartments on the Avenue Friedland, Paris, which are numerously attended by her circle of friends.

Among the London cabmen are to be found a former governor of the Bank of England, an ex-M. P., a late fellow of a Cambridge college, and a clergyman who was one of the respondents in a remarkable clerical divorce case.

Dean Stanley has declined to assign the smallest space in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey for a monumental tablet to the memory of Balfe. He has received addresses from the leading professors and amateurs of the United Kingdom asking for such erection.

Mr. Warren Leland proposes to have Gilmore's Band go to San Francisco to inaugurate the Palace Hotel in October. As the building is ten or twelve stories high, with a French roof, an appropriate tune for the band on the occasion would be "Mansion in the Sky," with chorus of cannons and California earthquakes!

Hans Christian Andersen, the poet and novelist, died at Copenhagen on the 4th ult., aged 70. The grand old author died of cancer. He resided at Copenhagen, and was a native of Denmark, where he is universally mourned. Deputations from various countries, including some Americans, were present at his funeral.

R. J. C. Walker, Esq., late one of the editors and proprietors of Saturday Evening Post, sailed for Europe, with his family, from New York on Saturday, August 21st. It is his intention to remain on the Continent for some time, and during his absence we hope to receive occasional letters from him which will, we doubt not, be interesting to our readers. We wish him *bon voyage*.

Centennial Items.

Smokers will be glad to hear that a Turkish tobacconist will erect a Divan in Fairmount Park next year.

No space in the Centennial buildings will be allotted to citizens of countries whose governments have not appointed commissions.

Some of the Cincinnati ladies propose to take a whole room in the new Centennial building, and to inlay the floor with tiles of their own painting, and to fresco the walls themselves.

Machinery Hall alone, it is said, is large enough to hold all the church edifice of Philadelphia, some five hundred in number. This will give the reader some idea of the magnitude of the buildings now in course of erection there.

Signora Maraini, the Roman sculptor, is modeling a beautiful Sappho, which she intends exhibiting at the Centennial in Philadelphia. If Italy does not send any products, this statue is to come with the Swiss representation.

The ladies of Chicago have recently organized an association under the title of the "Woman's Centennial Association of Illinois," and they are exerting themselves heartily to have the State properly represented in the Exposition.

Mr. Giro Yano, late secretary of legation to the Japanese embassy in this country, and at present Centennial Commissioner from Japan, has returned to his native country to make an official report of the progress of the Exhibition.

By the middle of September applications for space at the Centennial will be at an end, as the Commission will not receive any more after that time. This important fact should be scattered far and wide, in order that none, through ignorance of the closing time, should be shut out.

The Khedive of Egypt is going to make an exceptionally interesting display at our Centennial; but what is rather singular and unexplained so far, he will unite with Germany in his contributions. Heretofore France was everything with Egypt, exercising a controling influence, but now she has gone to Germany.

A large space has been allotted in the Exhibition buildings for the display of California cereals, fruits, and other products of the soil. The exhibition will be under the auspices of the California Immigrant Union, and it is the design of the managers to collect the choicest samples. Shipments of fresh fruit will be made twice a week during the Exposition months, selected and shipped directly from the best orchards.

M. du Sommerard, the Centennial Commissioner from France, has telegraphed to the Centennial authorities that the amount of space originally granted to France (28,000 square feet) is not sufficient, and that the French exhibitors will require 36,000 square feet in the main Exhibition Building, exclusive of passages, 9000 square feet in Machinery Hall, 9000 feet in Horticultural Hall, 9000 feet in Agricultural Hall, and in the Art Gallery sufficient space for the display of the works of art sent by the Government.

A GHOST STORY.

BY REV. J. DILLON.

All children love the marvelous. The "Girls and Boys" of the SATURDAY EVENING POST are no exception. Now listen and I will tell you a *true* ghost story.

When I was a little boy, my father's family lived in a house that was said to be haunted. It was a two story brick building, with a hall passing through the centre, dividing it into two tenements. Our neighbors, living in the opposite end of the house, were an English family, composed of father, mother and several children.

Belonging to the poor uneducated class, they had imported with them all the superstitions in which they had been educated, and which affect so largely the lower classes of all countries. I used to listen to wonderful tales of ghosts and apparitions, of which the old lady seemed to have an endless stock, until my hair would stand on end, and I would be afraid to be left alone in the dark, lest some horrible vision should confront me.

The former owner of the house in which we lived, some years before, had hung himself in a stable on the rear end of the lot. Mrs. L——, our neighbor, affirmed that his spirit was disquieted, and that it was in the habit of paying nocturnal visits to his old home, and averred that, on more than one occasion she had heard strange sounds, for which no natural cause could be assigned, such as the tramp of heavy feet ascending the stairs, rattling of chains, rolling of heavy bodies over the floor, dashing cupboard ware to pieces, smashing of window glass, etc., etc.

The date of my story is February, of the cold winter of 18—. A cutting wind had swept down from the north all day. At evening it subsided; but shortly after sundown it arose with increased violence, making the doors, windows and shutters rattle.

On this cold, stormy night, two older brothers and myself, with an additional comfort, a mother's blessing, and a hearty good night, had retired to our usual place of sleeping in a room on the second floor. It was perhaps two o'clock in the morning, when all three of us were aroused at the same moment by an unusual sound, filling us with terror.

One of my brothers being the proprietor of a violin, had hung it up by the window. All at once it began to emit strange, harsh, discordant sounds, as if some one were striking its strings with a whip cord. For a few minutes there would be silence, then thrum, thrum, would go the strings again. In the interval, we heard a rattling sound, resembling, to our excited imagination, the crackling noise made by a walking skeleton.

When the noise was first heard, we ventured to peep from under the covers, and saw a tall, white object in motion, and reaching, as we thought, towards our bed. We buried our heads under the covers, daring only to whisper to each other, "the ghost has come."

Here for hours we lay in terrible agony, afraid to move or speak, thinking of all the weird stories we had ever heard, and especially of the nocturnal visits of the ghost in question. We expected every moment to feel cold, icy hands laid upon us, and to behold a visible confirmation of all the frightful stories we had heard.

The storm continued with unabated fury without. The wild roaring of the wind, coming in fitful gusts, making the sash rattle, and shaking the house to its foundation, would die away on the distant hills. At such times the thrumming would be repeated with peculiar violence, and we could scarcely keep from screaming aloud. As the dawn approached, the wind ceased, and the sound discontinued.

When I arose in the morning, not very much refreshed from the night's repose, I took a careful survey of the premises, to find, if possible, whether the cause of alarm was to be attributed to a natural, or supernatural agency.

I found that a corner of one of the panes of glass had been broken out, making an area of perhaps, eight square inches. This hole had been stuffed with a cloth, which had fallen out. The wind blowing in through this aperture, catching the white window curtain, and dashing it over the strings of the violin, had caused our night of terror.

Had I not taken pains to investigate the cause of our alarm, to this day I would have believed I had both seen and heard a ghost. But as it is, I am persuaded that if all ghost stories were searched to their bottom, they would resolve themselves into some such simple explanation. The fright had one good effect—from that day to this I have never been afraid in the dark.

TRAINING.—"And is this all my mother could do for me?" grumbled the woolly-bear caterpillar, as he crossed the gravel path where the little golden beetles shrank from him in something like disgust. "Frightful, of course frightful; very humiliating!" he exclaimed, as he began to make his dinner of the dead nettle to which he had crawled.

"Patience," said the dead nettle, "you won't always be a woolly-bear."

A little time and the woolly-bear became a pupa, that is, an insect mummy, or a baby in swaddling clothes.

"Is this change for the better? am I any nearer beauty now?" he asked despairingly of the nettle. "Surely I was better off when I could at least show life, and move about, than I am in this living tomb."

"Patience; when things come to the worst they mend," said the nettle; "you won't always be a mummy."

One morning the sun shone on the glorious wings of a tiger-moth, as it balanced itself on the hedge, trembling with delight.

"Ah," cried the nettle, "I told you so, the training wasn't pleasant, but see what has come of it!"

ONE of the most important, but one of the most difficult, things for a powerful mind, is to be its own master. A pond may lay quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to compass and hold it in.

LITTLE SUNBEAM.

BY C. A. P.

Her name was Sunbeam. She had lovely, waving, golden hair, and beautiful deep blue eyes, and such a cunning little mouth; and she was three inches tall. Perhaps you think that fairies have no lessons to learn, but in this country they had to learn the language of the birds and animals so that they could talk with them. Sunbeam lived in the hollow trunk of an old tree. It was papered with the lightest green leaves that could be found. The rooms were separated by birch bark.

Every morning when Sunbeam arose from her bed of apple blossoms, she had to learn a lesson in the bird language; but it was not hard, for her mother went with her and told her what they said. When her lesson was done she sprang away to meet her playmates—and oh, what fun they had! They made a swing out of a vine, and almost flew through the air. They sometimes jumped on a robin's back and had a ride. They played hide-and-seek in the birds' nests, and in the spring picked open the buds, and when they were tired, sat on the dandelions or on a horse-chestnut leaf, or in a full-blown apple blossom. But if any one came into the woods, they scampered away as fast as they could, for *little* fairies are very shy. After awhile they would go home to their dinner of a fairy honey-cake and apple blossom syrup. The afternoon was much like the forenoon, but the evening was the pleasantest time of all. Every pleasant night, just before dark, Sunbeam's mother dressed her in her apple blossom dress with two little lily-of-the-valley bells fastened like tassels to her green sash of grass blades. Her slippers were made from blue violets, and her hair was tied with the threads of blue forget-me-nots woven together. Her mother and her father were dressed in light green. A little after dark they started for their fairy haunt with fireflies for lanterns. The haunt was in the thickest part of the forest; it was covered with moss, and a brook flowed through the centre of the enclosure. One hundred gentlemen fairies with their wives and children were waiting here. Each had a firefly lantern. Very soon, from the brushwood, out sprang two white mice, harnessed to a carriage made of dandelions, with the stems so woven together that the flowers formed the outside. The inside was lined with white violets. In this chariot sat the Queen of the Forget-me-not fairies (for there are different families of fairies). The Queen was dressed in a robe made of a deep red tulip, and she had a sash of lilies-of-the-valley. Her black hair was fastened with what looked like a pearl, but really was a tiny drop of water crystalized. Beside her rode her maids of honor with dresses of blue violets. The Queen took her place upon the throne, and around her stood her maids of honor. The Queen then began to sing, and the fairies danced to the music. This lasted till midnight and then the fairies went home. You can easily imagine Sunbeam's life through the summer and autumn, but if you think that she hid in her house all winter, you are mistaken. In the autumn the fathers of the fairies had gathered the bright colored leaves, and the mothers had made them into warm winter dresses and cloaks. Sunbeam had a muff of swan's down. The great sport in winter was the Queen's ball, to which all the fairies came. I wish I had time to tell you all about it, for it was Sunbeam's last appearance as a child fairy, as the next spring she will be tall enough to be a full grown fairy.

The Bat Would Be a Bird.

There was a great commotion such as has never been known among the beasts and birds. The bat, for reasons of his own, claimed to be a bird, but the birds unanimously voted him a beast. So it was brought to trial. The eagle was judge, the jury were half of them owls, and half of them falcons.

There was very sharp pleading on both sides, and witnesses without end came forward till the owls blinked and the falcons looked bored to death. The eagle, with his grave magnanimity, sat it out in grim patience, but seemed much relieved when he came to sum up.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "you have heard the claim of the bat to be a bird, and you have heard the evidence of many inferior beasts to prove him so; you have also heard the counsel and witnesses on the other side. Now, gentlemen, so far as I can see (and every one knows I can see a great way), the bat is indubitably a beast. His habits are those of a beast, his voice is what any bird would be ashamed of, and his form, with the exception of wings, is a beast's without controversy. Those wings, on which his counsel lays such stress, are not like those of any bird we are acquainted with, and, such as they are, he uses them only at night; by day he either crawls or clings. As to your verdict, gentlemen, I rely on your wisdom and keenness; but my opinion is, 1st. That the whole affair has been an affront to this honorable court. 2d. That it matters not at all to any of us whether he is a beast or a bird. 3d. That it is a scandalous thing our time and trouble should have been spent on such an unworthy inquiry. One thing more. I trust when you have given your verdict that one of you will eat him; that will settle the question forever, and prevent him from giving the public any more trouble."

CRUMBS OF CHARITY.—"I can give you but a crumb or two," said the beggar to the hungry dogs; "what good will a few crumbs do you?"

"Good? why you know by experience what it is to be famishing, so you are no stranger to the value of a crumb," answered the dogs.

"Take it; but it grieves me to see you so thin and to give you no more," said the beggar, sorrowfully.

"Grieves you! what, that out of your little you can give but little? Dear kind heart, don't be troubled; the crumbs thus lovingly given are so sweet that they will do us far more good than the finest bone thrown at us grudgingly."

EASY TO BRAG.—"What a poor dull thing!" said some newly-sharpened blades to each other, as they glanced at a scythe somewhat the worse for wear.

"Dull!" cried the scythe, contemptuously, "you've only just come from the grindstone, or you wouldn't be so sharp. Do the work that I have done since I was there, or send me there again, and then see which of us will make the best appearance, and cut the keenest."

A JUNE TRYST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

When were the fields of June so fair?
When were her groves like these arrayed?
A sheen of Summer in the air,
A blush of roses in the glade,
And all the hill tops mad with glee,
The green and gold of revelry.

Again the olden myth seemed young,
Coy waters, dimpling, by us fled,
I listened for the rippling tongue,
I looked to see the glancing head
Of Undine through the waters rise,
Bright, floating hair; blue, liquid eyes.

And how from elm and mossy oak
The songs of birds went through the land,
And how the leaves in green foam broke
Upon the sunlight's golden strand;
While winds, with mellow whisperings,
Bore all the Summer on their wings.

It was a scene, it was a time,
For lips to plead, and hearts to yield.
Love's hopes lent softness to the chime,
Love's eyes lent brightness to the field:
Our hearts it was that spoke, and these
The answers of the leafing trees.

The linden spread its boughs above,
Beneath the stream went singing by,
Nor paused to hear my tale of love,
Nor stayed to heed your soft reply.
Light stream, it lost that sweetest word
Lips ever spoke, ears ever heard.

The sun went down; but on the skies
In richer light our new love shone,
I saw it beaming in your eyes,
I heard it trembling in your tone.
Nor knew, till then, the wealth of bliss
Hid in love's first, long, lingering kiss.

And still in love's supernal clime
We walk beneath that constant sun,
Across the verdant meads of time
Life's waters still in gladness run.
True heart and faithful hand thou art,
Am I not true of hand and heart?

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46 Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXII—(CONTINUED.)

Lord Dane, uncertain still whether there might be anything in the tale, or whether Tiffie really had lost her senses, made her go over the whole of it circumstantially. It comprised all she had heard, and some she had not heard, for Tiffie's news, like many other persons', was sure to increase in the telling; she repeated it all.

"Was it you who heard this fine plot?"

"Me, me lord! As if I should be prowling in the wood at night, a hazarding of my reputation!"

"Oh, of course not," said Lord Dane, with a cough. "Who was it, then?"

"I couldn't impart that to your lordship."

"Then you had better not have imparted the tale. I suppose it was some—some"—his lordship was rather at a loss for a word—"beau of yours."

"Indeed, then, no!" was Tiffie's nettled rejoinder. "I've had enough of them sort of vanaties, and had rather keep 'em at arms distance."

"Well, as it appears that something may be in it: at any rate there's sufficient doubt to induce some sort of preparation against the possibility——"

"Some sort of preparation!" interrupted the alarmed Tiffie. "Preparation against it must be made, my lord, or you'll have the catastrify for certain."

"Just so!" said Lord Dane. "Therefore it is necessary that all points bearing upon it should be imparted to me. Tell me, in private, who this hearer was, and he shall come to no harm, nor you either. Otherwise, I must call in the aid of the police, and you must be publicly examined to-morrow before Squire Lester."

This would not have suited Tiffie at all: quite the contrary. Yet she was awake to the common-sense view of Lord Dane's argument, and to the necessity of his knowing all.

"It's not that he could come to harm, my lord, or that I have any motive to conceal it, such as you might fancy," she resumed. "But the one that heard it is useful to me; he looks about for me, unsuspected, and brings me news; and if it was once known he did so, there'd be good-by to it—for folks would be on their guard not to speak before him. I'd tell your lordship, if you'd let it be quite private from everybody else; indeed, you might see him for yourself."

"Agreed," said Lord Dane.

"It was Granny Beau's Shad."

"Granny Beau's Shad!" he uttered, looking at her. "Why, every second word spoken by that boy is a barefaced lie."

Tiffie bent her face close to Lord Dane's: he had never seen it so earnest, so little savoring of deceit.

"That Shad will tell you the truth in this, my lord, I'll answer for it with my own life. He has less faults than folks think for, and he daredn't play the fool with me."

"I'll see him," said Lord Dane, as Tiffie rose to withdraw. "When do you say the attack is to be made?"

"Not for three nights for certain; and then none was named. They were waiting for something, though Shad could not make out for what, unless it is for the moon to go. Another thing he only half heard: those ruins were mentioned. He thought perhaps they were going to meet in them, and plot further."

"What ruins?" quickly asked Lord Dane.

"The chapel ruins opposite," replied Tiffie, extending her hand in the direction. "They may be there now, at this very moment, for all we know."

"Tiffie," called out his lordship, as she was gliding from the room with her usual stealthy step, "not a word of this abroad, remember. And caution that Shad."

"*He's* safe, my lord; and you may rely upon it, I don't eject another syllible from my lips. It's in your lordship's hands now, and out of mine."

Lord Dane remained in a reverie after her departure, and then strolled out of the castle. That an attack was being contemplated he entertained no manner of doubt, though he did not take precisely the same view of it that Mr. Shad and Tiffie had adopted. He felt surprised; for, loose in character as the three men mentioned had hitherto been regarded, taking their full delight in poaching, smuggling and similar adventures of a venial nature, or what are looked upon by many as venial, they had never attempted great crimes, and Lord Dane felt convinced that some master head-piece was urging them on.

He stood outside the castle gates, still thinking, taking little notice of a female form approaching from the direction of Danesheld. But the female came close up to him, and compelled his attention; he recognized the cloak and bonnet of Tiffie.

"Back again!" cried Lord Dane.

"I have obtained a little ividence, my lord," was Tiffie's rejoinder, "and thought you'd blame me if I didn't return with it. When I came the first time, I sent young Shad with a lantern to search the place where the smugglers had been, thinking it not impossible but they might have left some token behind 'em; for when folks hold a meeting in the dark, the things slip from their pockets or their hands, they're difficult to be picked up again. Shad was back before I was, and he brought this."

She held out a scrap of paper to Lord Dane, and he examined it by the light of the lamp which illumined the gateway, paying Tiffie the compliment, as he took it from her, that she would have made a first-rate detective.

It proved to be part of a note, and Lord Dane read the following words:

"—— impossible to join you to-night, but to-morrow you may expect me without fail.
W. L."

It appeared to have been written hastily on a long, narrow bit of paper, and then twisted up. The direction, if there had been any, had gone with the first part of the contents.

"Now, I can take my Bible effidavit that that writing is Lydney's," cried Tiffie, when Lord Dane had looked at it. "I have seen his handwriting at our house upon pieces of music, and I saw a note of his to Miss Lester. 'Twas only a line or two about a book, but it was that very self-same handwriting, and I'll stand to it, my lord, with the very same autigrift at the end of it. 'W. L.' which is the short for his name, William Lydney."

"Where did Shad find this?"

"Close upon the very spot where they'd been a plotting."

"Why did you not bring Shad up, as you dropped upon him?"

"Shad'll come to-morrow morning and ask for you, my lord, as you ordered. 'Twasn't likely I was going to bring him to the castle myself, and set your detainers a wondering and talking," was the reply of Tiffie.

She took her final departure, and Lord Dane, after consigning the paper to his pocket book, fell into another reverie. That Lydney was an out-and out villain he was beginning to believe, and his angry eye flashed at the thought that he had been admitted to the intimacy—perhaps gained the love—of Maria Lester. Before him stretched out the sea, broad and wide, not that he could see much of it from where he stood; on his right were the lights of Danesheld, and on his left the chapel ruins. The moon was high in the sky, and flickered her light upon those picturesque ruins as she had done many a time before—upon the green walls, the several apertures. Lord Dane turned his eye towards them.

Singular to say, he had never once been inside those ruins since his return from abroad, in fact since his accession to the title: nay, it may be said, since the period of his romantic love for the Lady Adelaide. Many times had he passed them since then, walked around them, stood near them, but it happened that, either by design or accident, he had not gone inside. He bent his steps thither now, his mind full of Tiffie's surmise; the plotters might be there at that moment, for aught he knew.

Lord Dane crossed the green sward, crisp with frost, crossed it as stealthily as he had ever stolen to his appointments with Adelaide Errol; for it was not his intention to pounce upon or surprise the men, but to listen to them. He had his own reasons for suffering the plot to go on to the very hour appointed for its execution. Once inside, he halted, looked about, and kept his ears open. Nothing appeared to have changed; there were the faint remains of the altar, the traces of the graves, the ghostly-looking windows, and the moss-covered stones; all looked as it had looked in those years long gone by.

It appeared to be entirely void of human life; if any plotters were there, they remained still and silent; and, that none were there, speedily became apparent to Lord Dane, as he paced about it. His thoughts began to revert to the past, and soon, growing oblivious to the present, to the lapse of years, to annoying plots, and to Maria Lester, the past was alone before him. He was dwelling on Lady Adelaide's beauty, on their mutual dream of sentimental passion, on her strangely sudden desertion; and from that topic his mind naturally reverted to the tragic accident, which had cost the life of Henry Dane, almost on the very site where he then stood.

The latter was not a pleasant subject to indulge in, with the ghostly-looking ruins around, the grave stones beneath, and the pale white moonlight above; and Lord Dane, middle-aged man though he was getting, British peer though he was, began to find that he was not totally exempt from the sport of superstitious fancies. He turned from the altar, where he had been standing, to make the best of his way out, when at that moment a form rose up in the window aperture nearest to him, and remained silent, watching him, it seemed, in the moonlight. A half-smothered cry broke from Lord Dane's lips, his hair stood on end, and his flesh crept.

Yes they did, lowering to him as you may deem the assertion. It is true that Lord Dane had been thinking of his cousin; and imagination, especially superstitious imagination, plays curious tricks. As he stared at that figure in the aperture, its extraordinary resemblance in form to the dead man struck upon him; he strode to the window, separated only by the wall, and stood face to face—face to face with him who was once Harry Dane. The once familiar features stood out pale and clear in the moonlight, far too clear for Lord Dane not to recognize them. It was then he uttered the smothered cry, and his hair bristled up from his brow.

He fell back involuntarily. He leaned against the decayed wall to recover himself. He remembered who and what he was, a man and an Englishman; shook himself, stepped to the entrance and passed out at it. That he had seen his cousin's spirit—a ghost, as it is familiarly called—was his undoubted conviction, little as he had hitherto believed in ghosts, given to ridicule the fancied sneers of them, as he had been.

It had vanished. Nothing was to be seen outside. Lord Dane strode round the exterior of the ruins, but the ghost was gone, leaving no trace behind.

No trace, save in the physical disturbance of Lord Dane. Again the superstitious feeling came creeping over him, the dread that the dead was hovering near, and he positively started full-pace to the castle quickly, and perhaps as conscious of terror as Lady Adelaide had run shrieking that eventful night. Bruff was standing in the gateway as his lord entered, and turned in amazement to look at him, for in the starting eyes, the panting lips, and the livid features, the man could scarcely recognize those of Lord Dane.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DETECTIVE FROM SCOTLAND YARD.

A telegraphic despatch went up to London in the course of the following day. It was sent by Lord Dane, and received by the head police office in Scotland Yard. On the morning after, Bruff informed Lord Dane that a gentleman, a stranger, was at the castle, asking to see him.

As the reader may surmise, it was one of the chief detectives, come down in obedience to the demand of Lord Dane. He bore about him no outward signs of his profession, was in plain clothes, and a free-speaking, agreeable man, one who had received a liberal education, and was well read. His name was Blair.

Miss Dane, meeting him in the corridor, scanned him with her critical eyes—critical when single gentlemen were in the way—and inquired privately of her brother who he was, and whether he was married. To the latter question, Lord Dane, at hazard, answered, "Yes;" to the former, he carelessly said something about "banking firm," "private affairs," "money matters." Miss Dane, who was a great gossip, forthwith favored the household with the information that Mr. Blair was one of his lordship's town bankers, come down on money business. And thence the news penetrated to Danesheld. He remained on a visit at the castle.

After breakfast, which Lord Dane partook of with him in the library, came the conference. Mr. Blair was put in possession of the facts already known to the reader—of the shipwreck, of Lydney's being saved from it, of the recovery of the box, and then its loss, of Lydney's suspicious association with the poachers, his frequenting the wood, of his having been seen in it, or close to it, at the hour of the late conflict with the keepers; of his having wormed himself into the confidence of the neighboring families, especially of Squire Lester's, and his supposed covert designs on Miss Lester and her fortune; and lastly came this projected attack on the castle, to which Master Shad had been a listener, and of which Lydney was no doubt prime mover. Lord Dane threw open the whole budget.

Mr. Blair listened in silence.

"When is the supposed attack to take place?" was the first question he put.

"Better be prepared from to-night, inclusive. The boy said not quite immediately."

"And—if I gather your lordship's wishes rightly—you would prefer the attack not to be prevented, but that the light-fingered gentry should be caught in the act."

"Precisely so. The neighborhood *shall* be rid of this pest, Lydney, therefore it shall go on to the attack. I am sorry for the other men, and would have spared them if I could, but there's no help for it, and they must share the penalty. They have been too fond of helping themselves to hares and pheasants, and of setting my keepers at defiance—also of doing a little private business in the smuggling line, but they would no more have ventured to plan such a feat as this, than I should. Lydney has drawn them into it."

"I scarcely follow your lordship yet," mused Mr. Blair. "By this lad's account—Shad, or whatever you call him—robbery appeared to be a secondary consideration—the clearing of the plate-chest is to be effected while the real object, 'the business,' is transacting, and this business a murderous assault on your lordship. How have you incurred Lydney's ill-will, that he should plan so diabolical a crime?"

"I have given you Shad's version—I should rather say the conclusion he jumped to," returned Lord Dane, "but I have not yet given you mine. I do not believe that any assault upon myself is contemplated. I believe they would be only too happy that I should sleep, undisturbed, through the proceedings, and wake up to find them and the plate safely off."

"But you have said the plate is not the principal object," again pursued Mr. Blair.

"Neither is it," returned Lord Dane. "I believe that Lydney's chief object is to search for this box. From the first, he has insolently and rudely accused me of detaining it in the castle—accused me both to my face and behind my back. Now I think it will turn out that the box is the prime motive-power, and that he has persuaded these poor fellows to join in the attack by promising them a share in the plate-booty for their pains."

"Where *is* the box?"

"I cannot say."

"Did it enter the castle?"

"Have I not explained that the things were all placed in my strong room and secured, and that when they were visited—on the same day, and by Lydney himself—the box in question was not among them. The two men who carried in the things could not remember that particular box; my butler, who was looking on, failed to observe it; in short, the only pair of eyes which professed to witness its actual entry belonged to this young reptile, Shad, and he's the deuce's own cousin for telling lies, if it suits his purpose."

"Had he a purpose?"

"He was standing by, watching the unloading of the cart. Lydney afterwards heard of this, and offered him sixpence if he could tell where the box went to. Shad said, into the castle, having the attractions of the sixpence before his sight. The general opinion was that the box was stolen from the cart in its progress to the castle. For my own satisfaction's sake, and in justice to my servants, I had the castle at once searched by the police, but no box was found."

"And did Lydney know of this?"

"He did. The inspector of police here informed him of it."

"Then, my lord, how can you take up the opinion that he must be breaking into the castle after the box?"

"It is my opinion," replied Lord Dane. "Bad as he is, I do not believe that personal injury to myself is his object."

"Have you cause to think he may entertain any ill-feeling against you at all?" proceeded Mr. Blair, after some reflection.

"No. Unless—I declare that is a point in the business that never occurred to me till this moment—unless he is cognizant that I, on Tuesday last, warned Mr. Lester against him? I found the fellow growing more intimate than was expedient with Miss Lester—at all events trying to do so—meeting her in her walks, and the like, and I gave Mr. Lester my opinion of his character, with the grounds for it. I understand Mr. Lester so far acted upon it, that same day, as to turn him from the house upon his attempting to call."

"Did he know it was you who gave Mr. Lester the information?" inquired Mr. Blair.

"Not that I am aware of. But he may have learned it."

"Quite sufficient provocation to induce ill-feeling towards your lordship, in a base mind like his," remarked the officer. "Especially if he really had cast a covetous eye on the fortune of the young lady."

"But to murder me for it!" cried Lord Dane, in a doubtful tone. "That's rather strong revenge."

"Few men, let them be ever so bad, contemplate murder," answered Mr. Blair. "The crime, when committed, generally arises with circumstances. But I must lay my plans, so that this one does not succeed in it. Where is your police-station?"

"In the heart of Danesheld. I will walk with you to it."

"I understand that your lordship gives the entire charge of this business into my hands?" pursued Mr. Blair.

"Undoubtedly."

"Then you must allow me to go to work in my own way. I would prefer to visit the inspector here alone. His name is Young, I think?"

"Young. He succeeded Wilkes, who died. Your plan will be, I suppose, to place some men each night inside the castle?"

"I will inform your lordship of my plans this evening, when I shall have had time to consider of them."

Mr. Blair walked into the town, and found the police-station. Inspector Young happened to be in the first room alone, perched upon a stool. The stranger, in a summary sort of manner, began asking various questions of Danesheld and its inhabitants, of the police-station, and of other things, rousing the ire of the inspector, who was a great man in his own estimation, and considered that nobody, save a magistrate, or Lord Dane himself, might interfere in what pertained to his post.

"I should be glad to know who you are, coming in and examining into my business," cried he resentfully.

"Should you?" was the careless reply. "I am Mr. Blair, from Scotland Yard, and I hold my private orders direct from Sir Richard Mayne."

The inspector jumped off the stool.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he. "Please to step into the inner room. I hope—I'm sure I hope nothing in our office here has fallen under the displeasure of Sir Richard."

"Not that I have heard," replied Mr. Blair, as he took his seat. "But now I want a great deal of information from you. Who's this Lydney that's stopping in the place?"

"Well, I don't know who he is," returned the inspector. "We can't make him out, sir. To appearance, and to speak to, he seems of the very highest degree—you wouldn't take him for anything less than a nobleman. But, on the other hand, he mixes himself up with poachers and disreputable people, goes into the woods with them at night, lodges at a public-house, and—in short, we are puzzled."

"Was it his own box that was lost?"

"He says not. Very anxious he has been for its recovery, quite feverish over it. He offered a thousand pounds reward."

"When he is probably not worth a hundred pence. Had that box been produced, and the reward claimed, you might have found yourselves in a dilemma, or had to rob your own pockets to give it."

Inspector Young smiled.

"We are more cautious than that, sir, though we are countrymen. My Lord Dane dropped me a hint to the same effect; and I, in a civil way, intimated to Lydney that he was a stranger, and we could not be answerable for the reward. So he deposited the money with me."

"The thousand pounds?" uttered Mr. Blair.

"He did, sir. Of course I gave him an acknowledgment, and we hold the money still. But I had to pass my word to him that the transaction should be a strict secret; consequently it is not known."

"Not to Lord Dane?"

"Not to any one. Lord Dane's opinion is, that Lydney himself has possession of the box; but——"

"No, it is not," interrupted Mr. Blair.

"I can assure you that it is," said the inspector.

"I can assure you that it is *not*," authoritatively corrected Mr. Blair. "If his lordship has told you so, he must have had his own reasons."

The inspector did not dare to contradict again. He looked at his superior, and waited. The latter lowered his voice.

"Have you heard that Dane Castle is likely to be broken into?"

"No!" exclaimed the inspector. "Who by?"

"Lydney—as the chief mover. And his object, as Lord Dane thinks—one of his objects—is to search after this identical box; the other object is the plate-chest. That is the business I am down upon."

"My goodness me!" ejaculated the inspector, after a pause. "Lydney! well I could not have believed that of him! I can't understand this at all, sir."

"Neither can I," returned Mr. Blair. "It was clear enough before you told me of the thousand pounds; it is not now. How can I get at a chap called Shad? I should like a meeting with the gentleman—accidental, you comprehend."

"That will be easily effected. He is always about the wood," was the reply of the inspector.

While they converse, let us turn for an instant to Miss Bordillion's, where Mr. Lydney was presenting himself for a morning call.

"Not at home," said the servant; but at that very unlucky moment who should present her unconscious self at the window but Miss Bordillion. Lydney looked at her, and then at the servant, a half-smile upon his face. The girl felt angry and confused, and attempted a justification.

"It is not my fault, sir; I have only to obey orders. Though it is *not* my mistress' general custom to say she is not at home when she is."

"Miss Bordillion desired you to deny her if I called?"

"Yes, sir, she did."

He wrote a few words on the leaf of his pocket-book, tore it out, and sent it in to Miss Bordillion:

"I pray you, as a favor, see me for a few minutes: I will not ask it again."

"Once more can't matter," said Miss Bordillion to herself, as she read the words. "Show Mr. Lydney in, Ann."

"I thank you for admitting me," he began, as he entered. "I find, Miss Bordillion, that within the last day or two some strange rumors to my prejudice have been circulating in Daneshold. With Lord Dane I never was in favor; but others were friendly with me. Will you tell me candidly what these rumors are, and whence they arise. I apply to you, because I believe you are truthful and sincere, above petty prejudice, and I had learnt to believe that, of all in Daneshold, you esteemed me as a friend."

Miss Bordillion hesitated in perplexity. She was, as he designated it, truthful and sincere; but she was also kind, and revolted at the thought of giving pain. Mr. Lester had favored her with his version of the reports against Lydney, asserting that they were indisputably true—as Lord Dane had asserted to him—and, Miss Bordillion felt that she could not again receive one who lay under so dark a cloud.

"You probably heard that Mr. Lester turned me from his door?" he proceeded, finding she did not speak.

"I must acknowledge that I did."

"And you have given orders to be denied to me. Well, now, Miss Bordillion, would it not be fair to acquaint me with the grounds for that line of conduct? A man cannot fight shadows."

"It might be fair, Mr. Lydney, but it would be a task by no means agreeable. That there are tales abroad to your prejudice, it would be folly to deny; but I think the removing of them rests with yourself."

"In what way? I cannot, I say, combat shadows?"

"It appears to me that you should declare who you are. You have said that you are of good family—a family of some note in England. I am sure I received the assertion with perfect reliance on its truth, as I make no doubt others did. But now that these prejudices against you have arisen, it is incumbent on you to declare more particularly who your family are, and of what country. I think if you could do this, the feeling against you would, in a measure, be removed. You perceive I speak openly."

Something like amusement twinkled in his eye as he listened.

"I suppose, since the prejudice has spread, people have been searching through the peerage and baronetage, and all your other red books, to find the name of Lydney," said he.

"Something very like it, I believe," replied Miss Bordillion. "Do you not see that it is necessary you should declare yourself?"

"Will you tell me what the rumors are, and whence they arise?"

"Whence they arise, I do not know; from your own conduct, I believe. People talk of you being friendly with the poachers—of your frequenting the woods at night. For myself, I do not credit that; I do not, indeed, Mr. Lydney; I have better faith in you."

"Yet you have ordered your doors to be closed."

"I—I could not do otherwise," she answered, quite distressed at having to give the explanation, yet deeming it better to speak freely, now it was entered upon. "Squire Lester insisted upon it; or else Maria's visits here must have ceased."

"I am accused, I hear, among other heinous sins," he proceeded, dropping his voice to a lower key, "of entertaining covetous designs on the fortune of Miss Lester."

"Who could have told you that?" uttered Miss Bordillion.

"It is patent to all Daneshold. You may hear it as you pass along the street. I am supposed to be doing my best to delude Miss Lester into a Gretna-Green escapade, or some such unorthodox marriage, for the sake of touching her fourteen thousand pounds. Allow me to assure you, Miss Bordillion, that, whenever I do marry, it will be of no moment to me whether my wife shall possess fourteen thousand pounds or not fourteen hundred pence."

"I wish you would not mention these things, Mr. Lydney, for they only pain me to hear them. For myself, I cannot but have confidence in you; there is something about you that I have trusted from the first, and trust still. But, put yourself in my position, and reflect how impossible it is that I can act against the stream, and continue to receive you here—especially with Miss Lester visiting me as usual. If you would be more open, as to yourself and declare who you are, it might be different."

"The fact is," said Lydney, but in a good-natured tone, "that you do doubt me. You like me personally, you have a sort of faith in me, at least you had; but you cannot get over the budget of inuendoes against me, now opened. I do not know that I blame you for it, Miss Bordillion; in your position, as you observe, I might judge as you do. I will not intrude longer on you," he added, as he rose, "but I must express my hope that the time will shortly come when you will welcome me to your house again."

Miss Bordillion held out her hand in token of adieu.

"Were I you, Mr. Lydney, I would no longer remain in Daneshold; it cannot be a pleasant spot of abode to you now."

"That proves how you share in the general prejudice," he laughed, as he released her hand. "Farewell."

"Not a word about his family—or who he is," thought Miss Bordillion, as she turned to ring the bell. "I don't know what to think."

The servant had the street-door open as he approached it, admitting Maria Lester. Mr. Lydney caught her hand and drew her into a small room or study, where in past days she and Edith used to do their lessons. He closed the door, and stood before her.

"Maria," he began, calling her in his agitation by her Christian name, "I am going to put your friendship, your confidence in me, to the proof. Dark tales are abroad to my prejudice, insinuations that I am not what I appear to be, that I am no gentleman; nay, worse, that I am a bad character. Do you believe them?"

"No," she quietly said, lifting her trusting eyes to his.

"I will not thank you; it appears to me that if you could believe such accusations, cast on me, you would not be worth my thanks. Bold, you will say. Yes, I am bold in this moment. It is not convenient to me—you shall know why, some time—to declare anything more of myself than people know at present. The tales of my nefarious doings will right themselves; I do not fear them, or cast a word to them; but when you hear it said that I am no gentleman, that I am an adventurer, believe it not. Will you trust me?"

"With my whole heart and faith," she answered, the tears rising to her eyes.

"I do thank you now," and somehow he contrived to possess himself of both her hands. Holding them between his, he looked her steadfastly in the face. "It has been brought against me, that I am striving to gain the affections of Miss Lester for the sake of securing her fortune. Upon the state of Miss Lester's affections I will not enter, but I will honestly avow that she has gained mine. I say no more; I must leave it to the future; to the time when I can present myself before Mr. Lester, and ask that his daughter may be given to me for my own. In that hour Mr. Lester will find that fortune is certainly no object to me, and that he is heartily welcome to retain any she may possess. I have not offended you in saying this?" he added in a tone of the deepest tenderness.

No, he had not offended her; far from it: her heart only beat more responsively to the avowal. It was an instant of agitation; her feelings were nearly beyond control, and her wet eyelashes rested on her crimsoned cheeks.

"It has been told to me," he whispered, "that another covets the prize for his: one whom I suspect to be my enemy. And that Mr. Lester favors his suit."

"But not I," she answered, in the moment's impulse. "I never can be his, though he has made it a condition of his placing Wilfred beyond reach of want. Papa would like it: Lord Dane is rich and a man of rank."

"I will take care of Wilfred," said Mr. Lydney: "so far as any one can take care of him. And it may be in my power to offer Mr. Lester a position for his daughter, not inferior to that of Lord Dane. Only trust me, Maria," he concluded, as he lingeringly released her, and turned away.

As the maid was showing him out, a stranger passed the door, and looked keenly at him, very keenly Lydney thought. It was not, however, an offensive stare: but the eyes that gave it appeared to have a peculiar power of their own for taking in all points of any object on which they rested.

"I hope he will know me again," said Mr. Lydney, good-humoredly: "I wonder who he is."

"I know sir," said the girl. "He passed when I was in the tea-shop just now, and I heard it. It is my Lord Dane's banker, come down on a visit. Good morning, Mr. Lydney, sir."

The last sentence was uttered in a hearty tone, and with a raised voice, for Lydney had slipped a half a crown into her hand, willing, perhaps, to prove to the girl that he cherished no resentment against her for obeying orders, and denying him. The stranger evidently caught the tones, and turned to the maid.

"Did I hear you call that gentleman Lydney?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. That's Mr. Lydney."

Mr. Blair looked after him, looked curiously, as if Lydney did not answer to the picture he had mentally painted of him.

"He does look like a gentleman," were the words that seemed involuntarily to escape him.

"He is a gentleman, if ever there was one," cried the girl, familiarly.

"Ah!" soliloquized Mr. Blair, walking on. "Just the fellow to come into a country-place and ride the high horse. He might deceive us, if we trusted to his looks."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPANISH BEVERAGES.

Every sort of cooling drink can be had in perfection in the streets of Madrid. Water, to begin with, is always quite fresh and cold, and this is more than a luxury, it is an absolutely necessity in a country where one is literally burnt up with thirst. In every town sturdy *gallegos* carry it about, and it is refreshing even to hear their monotonous, long-drawn cry of "Agua pura," "Agua mas fresca que la nieve," for the east wind brings with it dust and burning fever, and the sun scorches and dries the very blood and skin with its fiery heat. Those who are wise will, when traveling, provide themselves with one of the pretty little white porous jars that keep the water as fresh as if it had been just taken from the spring. Then, in all the *cafes*, and at the corners of the principal streets, may be had more iced beverages than could be named in a single page—delicious orange and lemonade, the glass piled high with cool, white snow, with perhaps, half a ripe apricot, or a few strawberries thrown on it, to give still more flavor to the refreshing mixture. There is iced barley-water, or orgeat, mixed with the juice of fresh fruits or syrups, sometimes having also a *soupcon* of wild-thyme or herbs, that give a slightly aromatic taste, inexpressibly refreshing on a hot day. Besides all the various preparations of orgeats, there is thin beer and ginger-beer, and many more drinks of the same nature.

Above all must be placed the *hochadas*, made of pounded grapes, barley-sugar, and water, carefully strained and iced, with a few strawberries, or pieces of orange or pineapple, and perhaps flavored with a little vanilla or almonds, the whole making a mixture that it is worth going to Spain to taste. In other places it might not, perhaps, be so much appreciated, for the hot sun gives not only the rich flavor to the fruit, but the thirst that makes it pleasant.

CHEERFUL PEOPLE.—God bless the cheerful person—man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature and what the stars are to night, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously about their silent mission, brightening up every scene with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them—we love the glance of their eye, the tone of their voice; the little children find them out, oh, so quickly! amidst the densest crowd, and passing by the knotted brow and compressed lip, glide near, and lay a confiding little hand on their knee, and lift clear young eyes to their loving faces.

FACETIÆ

WOMEN HATERS—Women.

HIGH TIME—A church clock.

LEGAL FORGERS—Blacksmiths.

A MAN is a fool to try to beat the sun in rising. It will be sure to rise some morning when he won't.

"AUGUSTUS, dear," said she, tenderly, pushing him from her, as the moonlight flooded the bay-window where they were standing, "I think you had better try some other hair dye—your moustache tastes like turpentine."

A REJECTED LOVER'S RETORT.

A worthy young lover once sought for his bride
A dame of the bluestocking school;
"Excuse me, dear sir, but I've vowed,"
she replied,
"That I never would marry a fool."

"Then think not of wedlock," he answered, "my fair,
Your vow was Diana's suggestion,
Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,
Would venture to ask you the question."

"CHAWLES, Chawles, bwing me—ah—a small—a vewy small piece of beef—about the size of a half a dollah. Do you understand, Chawles?"

"Yes, sah; in a moment, sah," said the darkey.

As he steered off, a great rawboned fellow, sitting near by, yelled after him:

"Waitaw, waitaw!"

"Yes, sah; what will you have, sah?"

The eyes of all in the room were upon the muscular countryman as he drawled forth:

"Chawles, Chawles, bwing me a small—a vewy small piece of pork—ah—and one bean. Do you understand, Chawles?"

A TENDER-HEARTED BROTHER.—A couple of enterprising men, doing the clothing business in Atlanta, are interviewed by a customer in search of a coat. The senior of the firm handles the newcomer, and soon finds "a first-class fit." In answer as to the price, the response is "Eighteen dollars."

"Well, sir, I like your coat very much, but don't like the price."

"Well, mine frent, ze price is nothing, so you like ze coat. We let you take 'em at fifteen dollars."

The customer still complains of the price, saying that fifteen dollars was too much. This was too heavy for the dealer, so taking his customer to the extreme end of the store, and drawing him into a dark corner, he whispers in his ear:

"Mine frent, I let you have zat coat for twelve dollars and a half."

"Well, sir," said the customer, "I like your coat very much, and am satisfied with the price, yet I would like to know why this mysterious performance."

"Well, mine frent, you see dot leetle man dere? He was mine broder. He got ze heart disease, and, so help me gracious, if he was to hear me tell you I take twelve dollars and a half for zat coat, he drop ded mit his track."

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

NAME PUZZLE.

1. Place five ladies' names so that the initials will form a sixth.

2. Place five gentlemens' names so that their initials will form a sixth.

LITTLE ONE.

WORD SQUARES.

1.

A gentleman's name. Disgrace. A kind of lily. Leading by the hand. Prompt. LITTLE ONE.

2.

A body of water. A section of a poem. To go in. A vowel and a trial. A point of the compass. LITTLE ONE.

3.

Part of the human body. An European river. A metal. Not one.

LITTLE ONE.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

1. A city of Mississippi.
2. A city of Virginia.
3. A city of Illinois.
4. A town of Michigan.
5. A city of Persia.
6. A city of England.
7. A city of Spain.
8. A city of France.
9. A city of Holland.
10. A town of Missouri.
11. A city of Venezuela.
12. A city of Denmark.
13. A city of Central America.
14. A city of Prussia.
15. A city of Brazil.
16. A city of Ireland.
17. A city of Indiana.
18. A city of Peru.
19. A city of Bolivia.
20. A city of North Carolina.

My initials form a way to make and keep friends.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 10, Vol. 55.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 4, Vol. 55.

TRIANGULAR REBUS.—

C
AH
VIA
EVER
REGAL
NEEDLE
SONNETS

CROSS PUZZLE.—

ARE
TON
ABO
SEA
THEATRICALS
ROBERTBURNS
ATTRIBUTION
RUN
URN
ONE
USE

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

A
EGG
NALON
NERVINE
ANTIPHONS
ANAGRAM
DIANA
LET
I

CENTRE DELETIONS.—Gable, Gale.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—2,598,960 times.

METAGRAM.—Bark, Lark, Mark, Park.

THE GRAVE'S VOICES.

Sunk as in dreams, and lost in anxious thought,
My footsteps brought me to this lonely spot,
To whom belongs the field? this flowery bed?
"The dead."

Enter thou in, my soul; why shouldst thou fear?
Naught but sweet buds and flowers are blooming here.
Whence comes the essence for these sweet perfumes?
"From tombs."

See here, O man! where all thy paths must end,
However varied be the way they wend.
Listen! the dead leaves speak; aye, hear thou must;
"To dust."

Where are the mighty who take life by storm?
Who e'en to Heaven's heights wild wishes form.
What croak the ravens on yon moss grown wall?
"Buried all."

Where are the dear ones in Death's cold sleep lying,
To whom Love swore a memory undying?
What wail you cypress trees?—oh, hear'st thou not?
"Forgot."

To see where these ones passed, did no eye crave?
May no wild longing pierce beyond the grave?
The fir-trees shake their weird heads one by one:
"None, none."

The evening wind amid the trees is sighing;
Fettered in dreams, my saddened soul is lying;
The twilight falls, the red glow paleth fast—
"'Tis past."

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.,

[This serial was commenced in No. 46, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXV.

ATONEMENT.

A little more than a hundred days, and the great St. Leger race at Doncaster would take place. It was not so long a time to look forward to, yet to some of the actors in this history it appeared an eternity, while others thought it all too short.

Lao did not sleep over the task she had set herself. She perfected as far as it was possible the plans she had constructed, and she employed, not only Lavender, but, by her advice, Shaphat Twopenny, who was in no respect particular as to the nature of his employment, so that he was well paid for it and he was not likely to be found out.

All the efforts of the three, however, still failed to discover a clue to Leo. His friend, Scrap, was not to be bought, bribed, coaxed, or pumped in any way; but he was not above sending Shaphat on wildgoose errands, in a few of which, Scrap having secretly circulated that he was a tout, he got horsewhipped, drawn through a horsepond, rolled down a steep incline in an old tar barrel, and was smoked in the judge's stand on a trial course, in which he had been advised by Scrap to hide himself, so that he might drop upon Leo, until he nearly gave up the ghost.

Mary Lavender was also tricked, with scarcely less unpleasant results, until they both refused to search again for Leo in any vicinity where racing stable lads congregated.

Leaving the boy for the present, Lao now turned her attention to her husband, and to the men who were yet his companions, and whom she intended to destroy, save in taking their lives she thought of herself and what was before her, for now to her it would be an advantage to die; and but for "the dread of something after death" she would not have survived having been styled a mulatto by De Rougemont. And in the new work she found her emissaries invaluable to her.

Both made their way to the neighborhoods in which the three marked individuals dwelt, and means were found without much difficulty, by the use of secret bribery, to obtain a list of the clubs to which they belonged, and which they most frequently visited; also the names and addresses of the noblemen and gentlemen with whom they mingled in terms of friendly intercourse, or in betting and other gambling transactions.

Suddenly, and about the same period, Templemore, Harcourt, and De Rougemont were struck by a strange coldness and constraint which appeared in the bearing towards them of the men they met.

Men who had smilingly greeted them and warmly shook them by the hand now held aloof, barely nodded, or if they did speak, employed the briefest sentences, and answered in monosyllables.

The cause was not apparent to any one of the three. Not one of them could divine it; but the effect was indisputable.

Templemore was stung to the quick. Sensitive to a Quixotical degree, through the unhappy events which had attended his early career, he viewed every slight as an intended affront, and though he was no fire-eater, who was ready to call a man out if he looked awry at him, he would not quietly accept a direct insult from any man breathing. He had been scrupulously particular in meeting all his monetary engagements, and in the world in which he moved and betted, his bare word would have been taken for any amount. He scarce appeared in other places, and his actions as between man and man he knew would bear the sharpest scrutiny—for he shrunk from a dishonorable act as he would from a plague-spot.

What, then, had happened to make men thus hold their noses in the air when he encountered or addressed them? It is true they betted with him as of old, for he had met every liability and engagement promptly—even those tremendous losses on the Derby—but in all other respects they would not hold communion with him.

One day he encountered a gentleman with whom he had been for years on such friendly terms as he himself felt disposed to go, and now this man, who had been wont to almost wring his arm off when he met him, shirked him—did not cut him only because he made bets with him.

He was alone in an antechamber of the Beaudesert when this man entered. A few dry observations passed, when Templemore suddenly rose, and closing the door, placed his back to it, and said, in a quiet but resolute tone:

"Inglewood, we have been known to each other for many years. Have I ever wronged you?"

"Never!" was the laconic reply.

"Personally, our transactions have been conducted on my part with strict honor."

"With strict honor!"

"And my engagements have been fulfilled in the same spirit?"

"Yes!"

"My bearing, my language, have been in all respects courteous?"

"In all respects those of a courteous gentlemen."

"But, Inglewood, your manner to me has changed. Without absolutely cutting me dead, you treat me as an individual out of the pale of your honorable consideration."

There was a dead silence.

"Answer me. I have a right to demand it at your hands after the answers you have given me."

Mr. Inglewood shrugged his shoulders, impatiently.

"*Que voulez-vous?*" he exclaimed, emphatically.

Templemore contracted his brows, and replied:

"An answer, and I will have it!"

"I would rather you would ask another. You must see I do not act differently to other men."

"I see that; but now, if you ever entertained one spark of friendship for me, I conjure you to explain an enigma which is—maddening to me."

"Well, then, Templemore, to be frank with you—if you do not know already—the world is saying this: "In years gone by Clare Templemore married a young and beautiful girl. In the very first years of their wedded life a man—one Harcourt—persuaded her to elope with him. She lived with him abroad for ten years, and on their return the fellow Harcourt mingles with Templemore on friendly terms, plays high stakes with him, and plunges awfully in Turf matters with him—never were friends more friendly. In the meanwhile, Colonel De Rougemont comes along, becomes enamored of Mrs. Templemore, while yet with Harcourt as his mistress, persuades her to elope with him, and is now somewhere *en secret* under his guardianship. Yet the male trio appear to have no difference of opinion on the matter. I am not straitlaced, Templemore—few of our circle are; but we all draw the line somewhere. Certainly at a point far in front of such a position as this."

Templemore's brow betrayed beads of cold perspiration; but he stood immovable as a statue. Thrice he tried to speak, and at length, with great exertion, forced out:

"Add to the obligation, Inglewood, by giving me the source whence you obtained this story."

"It has been repeated to me by fifty mouths; but not satisfied with mere tale bearing, I probed it to its source—a woman named Lavender, who was Mrs. Templemore's maid when she lived beneath the roof of her father."

Templemore quitted the door, and threw it open for Inglewood to depart.

"I thank you," he said, laconically.

"Have you nothing to say in answer to this foul charge?"

"Not one word," he returned.

"Bah!" ejaculated Inglewood, as he strode with an aspect of disdain from the room.

Templemore appeared at his club no more, and his betting transactions were carried on by a commissioner. He applied himself to finding out where Lao, from whom this revelation had come, was hiding, and succeeded.

Harcourt saw only half the contempt with which he was treated, and did not care for the rest. His luck was again in the ascendant, and he laughed everything else to scorn. He only said to himself:

"Fate can't have it all its own way. I win at last."

Nor did Colonel De Rougemont observe the coldness shown him, for it was not exhibited to such an extent as to Templemore and Harcourt, for his rascality was looked upon as the least culpable of the three. His mind was bent on winning the St. Leger, and in keeping Leo safely hidden, and he felt that with his last success he might snap his fingers at Fate.

As all days arrive in the year, so the third Wednesday in September came, and with it the race for the St. Leger, at Doncaster.

We may briefly dismiss it, by saying that the boy in the pink jacket and the mare, Laodice, won that race as they had won all the others, and that the boy, munificently rewarded, was dismissed by Colonel De Rougemont to seek another service, as he at once sold the filly who had brought him a fortune, and announced his intention of retiring from the Turf.

Harcourt received his great stake on the settling day, and announced—to himself—his intention to retire from the Turf.

His health was shattered, his fortune was impaired, for despite his recent winnings he had previously nearly ruined himself at play, and in a few days afterwards set out for Paris.

On the morning following his arrival, at daybreak, in his chamber at Meurice's hotel a man entered unannounced and woke him up.

It was Templemore.

"Rise and dress," he said, briefly and coldly.

Harcourt, although astounded, intuitively obeyed him as though he had been Satan. When this was done, he added:

"Sit—write—stating your wishes as to the disposal of your property and where it exists."

"What do you mean?"

"This! The woman who accompanied you to Italy was my wife! You and I cannot dwell in the same world. I care not which goes, for life is a burden to me; but one of us must depart from it forever, and to-day. Write, and then follow me."

"Preposterous! Do you take me for a fool?"

Templemore struck him sharply with the back of his hand upon the mouth, and brought blood bubbling on his lips.

"Am I to take you for a coward?—write up coward upon pillar and post wherever you move?"

Harcourt's face became aflame.

"No coward, as you shall find," he answered, passionately.

He thought a moment, and, as if an idea flashed through his mind, he sat down and wrote slowly and with a little display—

"To my child, the daughter of Florence Harcourt, born Egerton, I leave all I die possessed of in this world. I ask only of her and her wronged mother to pray for me."

He signed it after he had inserted the address of his solicitors, and upon mere speculation addressed it to Florence Egerton, Wimborne Grange. Then he placed it carefully in his pocket.

"If I survive I will send it to its destination," said Templemore, frigidly. "If you live you will find a similar letter on me in favor of—my son. I ask a like favor of you. Come! the pit of Acheron yawns for one of us!"

Harcourt followed him immediately without a word. A *remise* was promptly hired, and it conveyed them to the Bois de Boulogne, where they alighted and dismissed the vehicle.

Templemore led the way until he reached a small coppice, formed of young trees, but sufficiently thick of leaves and limbs to screen them from sight. Here he entered, and in the centre stopped. Since their departure from Meurice's they had not interchanged a word. Now he produced two duelling pistols from beneath his coat, deliberately loaded them, and tendered the butt ends to Harcourt, whose usually florid face was a pale yellow, rigid, and marked as if carved in satin wood.

"They are alike in all respects," Templemore exclaimed. "As one or both of us must fall — perish — three paces, turn, and fire shall be the arrangement."

"So be it," exclaimed Harcourt, huskily, but preserving at least outwardly a firm and bold demeanor. "May the Lord have mercy on him who falls!"

"Amen!" responded Templemore.

They placed themselves back to back.

"I will call out the paces," he added; and in clear, distinct tones cried, as he stepped forward, "One—two——"

Harcourt turned at that second word like lightning, and fired point blank at him, but missed him.

"Whelp! Treacherous to the last!" shouted Templemore, as he swung round at his third step, then leveled his pistol with fatal precision.

A shrill scream, like a whistle of acute pain, burst from Harcourt's lips. He sprang forward and fell on his face with outstretched arms. Templemore went up to him, and turned his body over with a loathing thrust of his foot. Harcourt's eyes were wide open with a dreadful stare, but his jaw had dropped. He had been shot through the heart, and was dead.

Templemore recovered his pistol, which he had to wrench from the dead hand, and the letter for Floye. Then he quitted the spot with a quick, gliding step. Choosing an unfrequented route, he returned to Paris, went direct to the railway station, caught the train, and at nightfall was again in London.

"He has atoned; but my vengeance must not even nod," he muttered to himself.

Just before midnight he strode into the Beaudesert, and entered the room set apart for certain of the members who "played." The room was rather fully attended. Among those present were Admiral Hardcastle, Inglewood, and several of Templemore's whilom friends. Colonel De Rougemont was standing, with his elbow on the marble slab of the fireplace, smoking a cigar. He was asking himself why the men around him were so freezingly distant to him.

Templemore, bearing in his hand a riding whip, walked straight up to him. In a voice which filled the room, and made every man seated leap to his feet, he cried:

"De Rougemont, you have sought to dishonor me—in the person of my wife!"

Colonel De Rougemont by this time had found out who "Mrs. Harcourt" really was. He straightened himself up, and returned, in a haughty, resentful voice:

"Do you mean that tawny object? Bah!"

"You are a scoundrel—a blackguard—a liar, and, I presume, a dastard! Resent this, if you dare!"

Thrice he lashed him with his riding whip across his face, so that the colonel, howling with rage and pain, made a spring at him.

There was an instant commotion, and the two men were separated.

* * * * *

At the gray dawn a small knot of seven men met in an unfrequented stretch of pasture land about half a mile out of the Uxbridge road, in the direction of Acton. The morning light was just breaking when two of the party were placed back to back. The rest retired, and on reaching a given point, at a word the men quitted each other with a marching step, turned simultaneously, and discharged pistols at each other. One fell.

It was Colonel De Rougemont.

Yet another moment and one of the party ran up to Templemore, who was standing erect and motionless.

"He is badly hit, but not fatally, the doctor says," he whispered.

"I am glad of it, Hardcastle," returned Templemore, drawing a deep breath. "My honor, as far as he is concerned, is vindicated."

"Where is Harcourt?" asked the admiral, in the same sibilant tone.

"Dead!" returned Templemore, emphatically.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the admiral, and fell back.

* * * * *

That evening, while seated alone in her secluded chamber, awaiting a report of the result of the scandal against the men she hated which she had set in such industrious circulation, Lao was startled at finding a man at her side, as though he had risen out of the ground.

It was Templemore.

A faint scream escaped her lips, and she partly rose up.

He forced her back to her seat.

"The avenging angel is at work, and he will have atonement sated," he said, in a low, harsh, guttural tone. "Receive a report of your handiwork. You crossed my path a venemous serpent, and blighted my life with your virulent poison. You crossed Harcourt—he is dead, fallen by my hand. De Rougemont lies hovering between life and death with a bullet from my pistol. You have utterly blasted the career of your only child, and it is time your evil deeds came to an end. Henceforth you will be *my* companion, *my* charge, *my* prisoner, and *I* will take every precaution that your future life shall be according to your deserts. Come! Follow me without a word, or at your peril be the slightest attempt at alarm."

Hysterical, gasping, nearly suffocated by spasms, Lao rose up.

She clasped her hands together.

"Is this so?" she asked, in a hoarse whisper.

He gripped her wrist tightly, and placing his terrible face to hers, he showed his white teeth as he replied:

"The blood of both of those wretched men is on my right hand, and you, reptile—you, wretch, have placed it there. You shall in the time to come revel on

the memory, for not one waking hour will I spare you the recital."

She flung off his hand.

"No," she cried, with a sudden, rapid energy. "Fate has till now made me its accursed victim; but thus I cheat it—and you."

Before he could make a movement a small vial was in her month. She drank its contents and fell to the ground without one spark of life remaining.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

In the pleasant manor house called Wimborne Grange, a happy mother sat with a loving child, to whom health was fast being restored. Already the child had softened tones, ways, looks; already she gave tokens that her rude culture was being refined away. A voice at the threshold of the door said, gently:

"May I come in?"

Giftie, for it was she who was seated with Floye, clapped her hands, and cried:

"Yes," with every sign of pleasure.

The door was opened slowly, but widely, and a gentleman holding a youth by the hand was seen there.

"Tiny—no, Vivian," shrieked Giftie, springing to her feet, and rushing to Leo, whom Reginald Ringwood was holding by the hand, she clasped him about the neck and kissed him.

"You've come to be my brother," she cried, hysterically.

Poor Leo strove hard to prevent his tears betraying themselves.

"Not altogether," he answered, with something between a cough and a whistle. "No; I came to tell you I won the three events, Giftie, as I said I would. I thought of your face—I saw it while I was riding—the only one ever kind and loving to me—and I won, Giftie. So, as I have netted heaps of money, I've brought you a little gold watch to keep for my sake after I have said good bye to you forevermore."

"But," she instantly answered, "if you go away I will not have the watch, so you will have to stay here, you will see."

"Yes, we will see," interposed Reginald, conducting the pair back into the room. "You two young people have a talk together, and compare notes, while I have a private conversation with mamma."

He beckoned Floye from the room, and entering an antechamber, said:

"Prepare yourself for some very startling information; summon all your strength, and read this to the end, and when you have thought it out summon me."

He handed her a letter addressed to himself, and then disappeared.

She opened it, and found an enclosure addressed to herself. The letter was from Clare Templemore to Reginald, and was of considerable length. It gave a succinct account of the events which had transpired. He stated how he had become acquainted with Reginald's position in reference to Mrs. Harcourt—Floye—and he entreated him to take charge of his boy, Vivian, upon whom he had settled a good income, and endeavor to make a good man of him, so that he might avoid the miserable fate of his unhappy parents, and prevent him becoming a curse to himself as well as to others. For himself, he concluded, the world would never more hear of him. The enclosure was the letter to Floye from Harcourt.

What ensued may be guessed from the circumstance that when Reginald returned, looking as solemn as a Lombardy poplar in the dusk, and said, like the Clerk of Arraigns when asking for a verdict, "How say you, gentlemen of the jury?"

"Floye, you are now free!"

She answered:

"No, in very truth, I am not; I am yours, if you will have me."

He answered by straining her passionately to his manly bosom, with a bliss too great for words.

And the wishes of Clare Templemore were carried out, for Leo remained at Wimborne Grange to be brought up as Reginald's adopted son.

He soon had an adopted daughter, too, for within six months Floye became his wife, and so far as we yet know the quartette lived happy ever afterwards.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

The cedars of Lebanon, once the glory of the earth, have become like a history of the past. Time was when their wide-spread branches, each forming a green plateau one above the other, flourished in all their luxuriance and beauty on the far famed mountain of Lebanon. That was the time when the monarch of Tyre—a city then the queen of nations—sent thousands of his workmen to fell cedars for the construction of the temple of Jerusalem. Those who would view the cedars of Lebanon now must be somewhat affected by the fewness of their number, and their decay and desolation. A little remnant is left, and the traveler gazes upon them with a feeling that has in it a touch of sadness. All through the Middle Ages a visit to the cedars of Lebanon was regarded by many persons in the light of a pilgrimage. Some of the trees were thought to have been planted by King Solomon himself, and were looked upon as sacred relics. Indeed, the visitors took away so many pieces of wood from the bark of which to make crosses and other articles, that it was feared the trees would be destroyed. The once magnificent grove is but a speck on the mountain side. Many persons have taken it in the distance for a wood of fir-trees; but on approaching nearer, and taking a clearer view, the trees resume somewhat of their ancient majesty. The space they cover is not more than half a mile; but once amidst them, the beautiful fan-like branches overhead, the exquisite green of the younger trees, and the colossal size of the older ones, fill the mind with interest and admiration. The trees are fast disappearing from the face of the earth. Each succeeding traveler finds them fewer in number than his predecessor. There are now but seven of the cedars remaining, which, from their age and experience, indicate that they had an existence in Bible days.

PEOPLE always fancy that we cannot become wise without becoming old also; but in truth, as years accumulate, it is hard to keep as wise as we were. Man becomes, in the different stages of his life, indeed, a different being; but he cannot say that he will surely be better as he grows onward, and in certain matters he is as likely to be right in his twentieth as in his sixtieth year.

THE NAPLES AQUARIUM.

The "Stazione Zoologica" at Naples, which is said to contain the finest aquarium in the world, is located in a building artistically decorated, and more like a palace than a structure devoted to scientific purposes. It is situated in one of the finest parts of the city, in the Villa Nazionale. A beautiful view of the Bay of Naples is obtained from the loggia in the upper story, or a still better one from the flat roof of the building. The large hall containing the aquarium receives its light, as other aquaria, almost exclusively through the large glass plates forming the inner partitions of the different sections, behind which the many-colored denizens of the deep sport about as if in their native haunts. The separate tanks are large roomy grottoes. The circulation of the water is so constant and well regulated by means of an engine that all stagnation is prevented, and most of the animals keep excellently. The aquarium contains about fifty species of fish, besides a great number of star-fish, sea-urchins, and holothurios. All the species of the latter found in the Bay of Naples are here represented. Most aquaria have, up to the present time, been able to preserve cuttle-fish only for a time. It is stated that the Naples aquarium has been singularly fortunate in this respect. There are now preserved in its tanks eight specimens of the hermit and quarrelsome octopus ("polpo" of the Italians). By the side of it there is a flight of twelve Loligos, which form a strong contrast to their neighbors by their elegant and bird-like movements. Buried in the sand and waiting for prey, accommodating their color to their surroundings the sepia are, after some difficulty, made out.

"DRIVING" THE RIVER.

A grand sight in the White Mountains is generally missed by summer travelers, unless it be those early birds who catch the worm for the first trouting after the snow finally melts for the season in the mountain brooks. It is a sight of the passage of the logs down the river, technically termed driving the river. All winter long the busy axe and the bob-sled have been at work in accessible locations where there is good timber, felling trees and hauling to the nearest stream which enters the main river. Tens of millions of feet of lumber, spruce and pine or hemlock, by early spring lay ready for the melting of the ice and the filling of the river from the thawing snow and early rains. If so be these produce a freshet, the logs must be cared for and secured in booms at favorable points along the main river, because if allowed to go off pell-mell they will float over the wide intervals, meadows, and lowlands, grounding with the quick fall of the water, or be lost or delayed over the present season. Mature judgment, skill, as well as knowledge of the river, must be exercised to get the logs all down to Saco, Buxton, and the mammoth mills down river. To "drive the river" is a trade, an art, with ready appliances for all emergencies. Experienced mill-men from the saw-mills boss the thing, and stern centurions they are, too, with men under them who dare to do what must be done with boat and pike to relieve jams, stop and start timber. Main strength, ability, courage, are but faint expressions for describing the rapid movement of these drivers over masses of logs in raging water, or caught upon a single log in the torrent, then falling at full length, clinging like the bark of the log itself, and thus float themselves to safety.

CANNOT FIND THEIR LEVEL.—By far too many people fancy that they are not appreciated according to their deserts. "I want to make a change. I feel that I am not valued according to my deserts," says an aspiring young man. In all probability our inexperienced friend has more egotism and selfishness than is good for him; but we advise him to move—anywhere that he may choose—in order to test the accuracy of his gauge of his own ability or merit. It is proper to add that, as a rule, a man is appreciated fully for all he is and does—often for much more; and it is wise and, as a rule, safe, to take the measure other people give you as a just one; and if it does not satisfy you, work harder until they voluntarily change it. Few men rise and remain long above their just level; few can be kept below it.

GOOD ADVICE.—If you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made a kind one by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practise kindness, even if it be but little each day. Learn something each day, even if it be but to spell one word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back, that you would not say to his face.

THE modest deportment of really wise men, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

DECEIT and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

IF you call a man ungrateful, you can impute to him no more detestable act. One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid. The animal with long ears seldom leaves his trough without kicking it.

A Hint to the Lean.

The cause of leanness, when there is no positive disease which produces it, is an imperfect assimilation of the food. The weight of the body undoubtedly bears a marked relation to, and increases proportionately to its height, when it is properly nourished with flesh making blood. Hence, when we see a tall person with "slab" sides and hollow cheeks, we have a right to infer that his blood is thin and watery and his constitution delicate. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is peculiarly serviceable to this delicate people, since it strengthens the digestive and assimilative organs, and is consequently a powerful auxiliary in the blood manufacturing processes, which is a state of health ought to be, and are, thoroughly performed. An increase of muscle, as well as fat, is a result of using this sovereign anti-dyspeptic, appetising and generally corrective cordial.

SUCCESS.—Purposes, however wise, without plans, cannot be relied on for good results. Random or spasmodic efforts, like aimless shots, are usually no better than wasted time and strength. The purposes of shrewd men in the business of this life are always followed with carefully formed plans. Whether the object is learning, honor or wealth, the ways and means are all laid out according to the best rules and methods. The mariner has his chart, the architect his plan, and the sculptor his model, and all as a means and condition of success. Invention, genius, or even what is sometimes called inspiration, can do little in any department of theoretic or practical science, except as it works by a well-formed plan. Then every step is an advance toward the accomplishment of the object. Every tack of the ship made according to nautical law keeps her steadily nearing the port. Each stroke of the chisel brings the marble into a closer likeness of the model. No effort or time is lost, for nothing is done rashly or at random.

THE ARABS are very proud of Cairo and give it the high sounding title of "Mother of the World." It is a city of nearly 600,000 inhabitants, it is well lighted and the new part or "Grand Cairo" reminds one of Paris, the streets are wide, lined with trees and well laid out. There is a theatre and opera house. There are several parks and gardens; the finest is called Esbekieh. Around this garden are fine buildings—the Opera House, New Hotel, Egyptian Bourse, and many others are built around the square. The garden contains a fine collection of the rarest plants; a military band plays every afternoon and evening. When lighted and filled with promenaders, as it is every evening, and the band is playing, it is a rare sight; it seems like a great masquerade, for here you may see nearly all nations in their characteristic dresses. Arab sheiks, Turks, Greeks and Italians, women with veiled faces, in fact no city save Constantinople presents such a variety.

ATTENTION, application, accuracy, method, punctuality, and dispatch, are the principal qualities required for the efficient conduct of business of any sort. These, at first sight, may appear to be small matters; and yet they are of essential importance to human happiness, well-being and usefulness. They are little things, it is true; but human life is made up of comparative trifles. It is the repetition of little acts which constitute not only the sum of human character, but which determine the character of nations. And where men or nations have broken down, it will almost invariably be found that neglect of little things was the rock on which they split.

THE change of day and night—of the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and whatever else meets us from epoch to epoch, so that we can and should enjoy it; these are the proper springs of earthly life. The more open we are to these enjoyments, the happier do we feel ourselves; but, if the changes in these phenomena roll up and down before us without our taking interest in them, if we are insensible to such beautiful offers, then comes on the greatest evil, the heaviest disease; we regard life as a disgusting burden.

A DEEP and profound knowledge of ourselves will never fail to curb the emotions we may feel at the foibles of others. We shall have learnt the difficulty of correcting our own habits too well to suppose it easy in them; and instead of making them the objects of our sarcasm, they will become the objects of our pity and our prayers.

THE LARGEST WORKSHOP OF THE BODY IS THE LIVER, whose office it is to withdraw the bile from the blood; when this important organ does not act the skin assumes a yellow appearance, and generally a SICK HEADACHE sets in, with chilly sensations, and cold hands and feet, accompanied with loss of appetite. The system becomes clogged, the machinery does not work well, and both mind and body are disordered, the afflicted becoming cross and fretful, finding fault with everything around them. To any person in this condition Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills are recommended; by their stimulating action the liver soon recovers its healthy tone, and is enabled to perform its proper functions. Costiveness is cured, and all the aggravating symptoms of biliousness removed. Sold everywhere.

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CUTE.—A large and fine chromo to delight the eyes of all, especially the young. A golden-haired girl is caressing a dog in the shade of trees near her home. Her hat has fallen from her head, and a rose is in it. Near the group is a beautiful cascade, and the steeple of a village church is seen in the distance. One of the most beautiful of chromos. Size 16x20.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.—A ruddy-cheeked girl is coaxing her little sister to give a bunch of flowered grasses to a horse. Near by sits the dog, apparently enjoying the little one's want of confidence. Size 16x20.

THE PIONEER.—A scene in the Far West. The red-shirted pioneer has paused in his labor to drink, and is smiling over his cup at the merry little boy on the log. In the background are the rude cabin and the pioneer's wife. Size 16x20.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.—Grandmother occupies the old arm-chair, a little grandchild is on her lap, while another is climbing to the same coveted place. Size 13x16.

IN THE WOODS.—Three little girls have strayed from home, and are gathering wild roses. Size 11x15.

GOOD MORNING.—"Beautiful!" A child just awakened is greeted by her sisters, who have brought her a bouquet of flowers. It is one of our most suggestive pictures, which must be seen to be appreciated. Size 11x14.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—The old stage-coach loaded with tourists has just arrived at the White Mountains. Mount Washington, in its grandeur, is seen in the distance; the foreground is taken up with the coach and its horses, the valley home and green pastures. Size 15x21.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.—As a rural picture recalling old memories, this chromo cannot be surpassed. The antique farmhouse and old well carry the beholder back to other days. A boy tips the "Old Oaken Bucket" on the edge of the well, while his delighted sister looks on. Size 15x21.

THE PETS.—The little girl and her pets, two beautiful dogs, win the favor of all. A charming waterfall adds to the beauty of the scenery. Size 15x20.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, CAL.—A grand picture of this world-renowned valley—the pride of the Golden State. The scenery is romantic and true to life. The towering rocks, the pines in the valley, and the stream that flows among them are perfect. In the foreground is a cascade and several plumed Indians. Size 14x20.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.—This old nursery story is here beautifully illustrated. Baby is regaled with it by the nurse, who takes delight in telling it. Size 13x16.

CONTENTMENT.—A young and beautiful mother is sitting in a chair, her arm enfolding her little daughter; the mother holds a kitten in her lap, while the little girl's hand is tenderly laid on the kitten's head. Old mother pussy sits by, and all is contentment. Size 13x16.

"THE TWO DOVES."—Not two birds, but two doves, for all that. A beautiful girl is teasing, with a bunch of cherries, a snowy dove that is perched on her hand. Size 16x20.

I'M COMING.—The little girl who loiters in the foreground to gather flowers is a model of beauty. You seem to here her say, "I'm Coming!" as she glances over her shoulder at her youthful companion. Size 12x17.

CROSS AND CROWN.—Firmly planted upon the mountain top and covered with flowers, stands the Cross. Above it, and shedding its effulgence far and wide, is the glorious Crown. Size 14x18.

BLUSH ROSES.—It contains a single figure, that of a bewildering blonde, as fair as the blush roses she holds in her hands. Size 16x20.

WINTER SUNDAY IN OLDEN TIMES.—This picture recalls the good old Sabbaths of long ago. We have the antique church, covered with snow, and the good folk coming to worship. Near by is the parsonage and schoolhouse, and in the background a range of snowy hills. Size 16x22.

"FLOWER PIECE."—This chromo is a copy of the original by Mary Spencer, and deserves the praise it has received from art critics. The flowers are admirable, and the picture is sure to delight all. Size 13x16.

CHRISTMAS.—The centre of Christmas represents "THE BIRTH OF CHRIST" in bas relief, and the whole is surmounted by an appropriate wreath of flowers. Size 13x17.

POMONA'S RICHES.—Pomona, the goddess of fruit, ever lavish with her gifts, displays in this elegant chromo some of her riches. The fruits are very tempting and true to nature. It is undoubtedly the finest piece ever offered for sale. A brief description cannot do it justice. Size 13x16.

AMERICAN DESSERT.—This is an elegant chromo, and, in many respects, a national picture. The Southern orange, the Delaware peach, the California grapes, and the Ohio wine, combine to make one of the finest dessert pieces ever offered for sale. Size 14x17.

SUMMER.—Two young ladies are gathering roses, a dog with a wreath in his mouth, is springing at them playfully. Near by a little girl is seen throwing flowers over a swan. Size 14x17.

WINTER.—In the foreground two beautiful young ladies, in rich Polish costumes, are gliding over the glistening ice locked in each other's arms, while a pretty greyhound is chasing them. Near by a boy is strapping the skates of a girl. Size 14x17.

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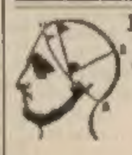
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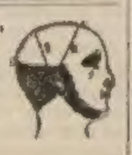
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The Fashion Boudoir Notes & Queries

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

It seemed but yesterday that we were advising our fair friends concerning those jaunty costumes for early summer days, in which many a hint of spring, cool spring, too, lingered; and it is with a thrill of surprise over the swiftly-passing days, that dates recall us to the fact, that not many weeks shall elapse before we will be called upon to chronicle the advent of a new "season."

Many of our leading houses are already bringing over new stuffs and suits for the next season, and from what it has been our privilege to see of such articles, we can in some degree prognosticate the tone of the fashions likely to be prevalent and popular.

First on the list come silks. In these we have seen many charming designs, in faille striped with satin and velvet bars—Matelasse goods with the raised figures done in velvet, which gives the richest possible effect. Old fashioned brocades, which savor of "75" and are appropriate indeed for our Centennial winter. Some of these latter have a combination of color very striking, and productive of charming results—such as pale lilac grounds, over-wrought with gold arabesques and flowers of royal purple. Or else fawn-tint sky-blue—the blue of a summer evening sky just above the horizon, covered with vine-tracery, and heavier leaves of buff and violet, the latter being the tint of the leaves, and done in velvet.

We cannot resist giving a description of one of the most striking evening costumes, intended of course for the next season, and somewhat advanced also. The wearer is a brilliant blonde of the purest type, with a pearly complexion and sunny hair.

The underskirt is a long train, perfectly plain, of velvet of the richest violet-tint—deep and well tinted, with indeed a leaning towards the blue rather than the red, of its component colors.

The overdress is of brocade—the palest sky-blue tint. Arabesque of gold, marked here and there by small ivy-leaves of velvet, the same tint as that of the underskirt, cover it.

It is made with skirt and waist in one, something after the design of the polonaise, but more like the Watteau overdresses that were in vogue a century ago.

The front is closed by bows of violet velvet, clasped in the centre with tiny gold buckles. The sides are looped high, and away towards the back, by double bows of the same velvet. The waist fits closely to the slender figure, and is long, and distinctly pointed in front. The neck is cut square, and filled in with a rich quilling of old lace. The sleeves are tight to the elbow, falling from thence in a deep pleated ruffle, inside of which is a quilling of the same lace which adorns the neck. Throatlet and bracelets of violet velvet ribbon, clasped with old yellow gold, complete this charming costume. Imagine anything more appropriate for the times.

In silk suits for the promenade we noticed a very stylish one of plain black faille, combined with dark blue faille striped with black velvet.

The underskirt of the black faille, had three bias gathered flounces of the blue.

The overdress of the blue was made apron front, cut square, and simply corded around the bottom with black velvet. It was gathered up at the sides by means of a drawing-string, and the back filled in by large loops of black silk, alternated with the striped blue silk.

The waist of the striped blue was sleeveless, and made with long side pieces, and short back and front; a cording of black velvet the only trimming. The sleeves of the black faille had a puff of the striped blue just at the shoulder, another narrower one at the elbow, and a third at the wrist. A pleated collar of striped blue lined with velvet finished the neck.

A costume for the present intermediate season was composed of brown silk, and the pretty lace, or Hamburg cloth, in ecru tint.

The underskirt was of silk, and made plainly; the only trimming being one deep flounce of the open-worked material, which was put on in large box plaits, each plait held in place by a small bow of brown ribbon.

The apron overdress was deep and pointed, piped with brown silk, and edged with ecru lace. The back filled in with loops of brown silk. The sleeveless basque was long on the hips, and trimmed to correspond with the overdress; bows of brown ribbon were placed on each side piece low down. The front was closed with bows of brown ribbon. The sleeves of brown silk were trimmed on the outer seam with ecru lace, and a row of bows of brown ribbon.

Another pretty summer suit was of gray lawn, with a fine hair stripe running through it of a darker shade. It had two flounces on the lower skirt, trimmed with a border of bright rosebuds and a tiny vine.

A similar border trimmed the deep, round overskirt and half loose basque, while bows of rose-colored ribbon closed the front of the basque, were placed on the outer seam of the sleeve near the wrist, and a cluster of loops of the same tint were placed at the neck, behind, just in the middle.

A belt of rose-colored gros grain, with hanging loops, at the left side, from one of which depended the fan, and a wide sash of a similar tint, looped at the back, gave a fresh finish to a very pretty, and not expensive costume for a young girl.

Lawns and batistes are very deservedly popular this season. One sees so many new and charming designs in such goods that we cannot but regret that their use must perish with the swiftly vanishing summer days that are so bright and pleasant.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Most of the new stuffs imported for autumn wear have raised figures on them, in damask patterns.

Plaided silks, it is said, will give place to the long popular striped materials—stripes are more graceful than plaids.

Some of the most stylish jewelry now worn is made of a yellow shell, and carved in quaint designs. The bracelets are wider than heretofore.

Evening and dinner costumes of ecru grenadines are fashionably wrought in scarlet wool in arabesque designs, with a shading of maroon color on the outer edge. The effect is good.

The suits of fine gray grenadine and crepe lisse have almost entirely superseded the dotted lace suits, which are becoming, indeed, but hard upon the complexion.

Silks striped with satin and velvet will be largely imported for the fall and winter trade.

The latest in fans abroad is to have one side black silk, and the other blue or crimson.

Chatelaine pockets made of fine Russia leather, clasped and ornamented with silver or steel are much worn abroad.

Shade hats of Leghorn or coarser braids covered with pleatings and shirrings of French muslin, are very much worn.

The newest ties are of black velvet and lace.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNETTE.—You can wear your hair in one long plait if you like, and crepe the front hair. Your hair is a bright chestnut color, and not "dull brown," as you complain. We saw many golden tints in it, as we held up the lock you enclosed in your letter, between us and the sunshine. Thanks for your kind expressions of good feeling for us.

MOTHER BESS.—Poor little woman, what a weight of care on such young shoulders! Don't fret about Jamie's long nose, and Kitty's freckles, but rather rejoice over the good health that has crowned them. Make Jamie's new suit with jacket, vest and short pants, gray or brown cassimere, bound with braid of a darker shade is the material needed for such suits.

MISS M. A. W.—Your sample is thread lace, and of a very fine quality. It will trim your silk very nicely. We would advise you, however, to use it upon your velvet sacque. You can put a band of feather trimming above it, and by that means give a richer effect than if you used jet. Get a *toque* hat of straw for the early autumn. It droops in front, and is turned up in the back; trim with a long scarf of gray grenadine, and put a blue and white or shaded gray wing at the side.

NINON.

LOVE'S VAGARIES.

BY WALTER SEDWIN.

The waves were rippling at our feet close by,
Clad in the splendor of the solar rays.
Soft falling where we halted, she and I,
With faltering steps—so strange are Cupid's ways.

But still the gentle pressure of her hand,
As, bird-like, it lay nestling close in mine,
More courage gave, as on the wave-beat strand
We stood, ere we exchanged Love's countersign.

Was it the old, old story, do you ask—
A suit rejected and a heart of steel?
Nay, wait a while: 'twere all too hard a task
To tell; the secret must itself reveal.

Of course, with all the fervor of a heart
Brimful of passion I her hand besought:
But still there came no answer, and no art
Of mine could tell with what her mind was fraught;

Till in the sand she traced a word. 'Twas "No"—
Her reasons unexpressed; nor could I guess,
Till in her eyes I chanced to look, when, lo!
I read another answer—simply "Yes!"

In her eyes I chanced to look, when, lo,
I read another answer—simply "Yes!"

A BUFFALO TALE.

BY FRED M.

It was a calm, beautiful morning in the month of October, that my friend, Bob Morton, and myself, mounted our horses and rode up the north bank of the South Platte on a hunt after buffaloes. The Platte River, at St. Vrain's, makes a great bend—the river above the fort running almost due north, and turning almost due east at the foot. We thought we would ride up the river a few miles, and then, striking northward into the broad open prairie, where we should be most likely to find our game, return by a short cut across the prairie to the fort.

We rode up the river until almost noon, seeing many deer and wolves—for one could hardly ride through this tall grass a mile without seeing them—yet, as we were not looking after this kind of game, we paid no attention to them until nearly noon, when, feeling somewhat tired and hungry, Bob, who was an excellent shot, killed a fine buck: and, dismounting, we made a most delicious meal on the young and tender venison.

Mounting, after dinner, we struck northwest across the broad prairie, where with the exception of the tall grass, there was not a tree or shrub on all that vast expanse, except along the river bank.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon, just as we were beginning to get discouraged, and we were thinking of turning our horses heads towards home, when we discovered the object of our search. There were two buffaloes quietly feeding on a little rise in the prairie—the first rise we had discovered since leaving the river.

"Hurrah, Fred!" exclaimed Bob, putting spurs to his horse, and getting excited. "Now for some sport, and buffaloes tongues for supper!" and away he went at a reckless, break-neck speed.

Our game was a long distance off when first discovered, and had disappeared over the rise in the prairie, and was out of sight.

We agreed to separate as soon as we reached the top of the ridge, and each take our game, and charge down upon them, and capture both if possible.

As we came dashing up to the top of the hill they discovered us, and immediately took to flight. Buffaloes can run very fast, notwithstanding their weight; they seem to gather momentum as they proceed, and are not easily run down. We made our choice immediately, and gave pursuit.

My horse was fleet, but the tall grass tangled his feet, and I had a long, hard chase before I came up with my game. I paid no attention to Bob; his game had taken a different direction from mine, and we were soon widely separated.

After a hard chase, I came near enough I thought, to venture a shot—perhaps, if I did not kill him I could cripple him, and thus stop him somewhat in his mad career. I brought my rifle to my shoulder quickly; but as I fired, my horse stumbled slightly, his feet having become tangled in the grass, and I missed my aim, but struck the beast in the shoulder instead of the heart; and the ball being large, made a terrible wound, from which the blood flowed in a stream.

This maddened him; and turning quickly, he charged with a terrible half snort and half roar down upon me. My horse was taken by surprise and frightened, and, in springing partly to one side, as if to turn suddenly and fly away from the mad creature, his feet caught in the tangled grass, and he fell, throwing me many feet over his head.

The fall did not hurt me, and I was on my feet in an instant; but before I could reach my horse, he was up and bounding over the prairie, leaving me to my fate.

I had no time to think whether I fancied the situation or not, for the mad bull was upon me almost; and with a look of despair after my flying horse, I ran, I knew not whither, but with an instinct of self-preservation.

All this happened in an instant. I had hoped the maddened creature would pursue my horse; but not so—the buffalo knows well who is his worst enemy. I was fleet on foot, for I had run for my life many times; but the tall grass impeded my progress, and I knew I could hold out but a few moments.

I saw not the slightest chance for my life. Here I was, upon this broad ocean of prairie; Bob was, I knew not where, nor had time to look; the grass tangling my feet, and taking away my strength, and a wounded buffalo within a few yards of me, and gaining upon me at every bound.

I thought of my revolver, and that I would sell my life as dearly as possible. I always carried it in my belt; and perhaps I could throw it over my shoulder and shoot the bull in the eye. I had no hope of the ball doing him any harm if it hit him anywhere else; for these animals have a thick mass of hair on their forehead, that is so matted together with sand and dirt, that no ball from a rifle will penetrate it. I knew, if a ball from my revolver struck his forehead, it would have no more effect than the wind blowing against it.

I put my hand to my belt; but my revolver was gone, the scabbard was empty. It had probably fallen out when I was thrown from my horse.

It was with a feeling somewhat of despair that I found it gone. It seemed as if there was nothing but death before me; for how could I hope to escape from, or cope successfully with, a wounded buffalo—wounded, as I knew, in no vital part, but sufficiently to madden him.

I could hear more plainly his half grunt and half snort close upon my heels—could feel his very breath upon my back—in another instant he would be upon me—would pierce me with his short, stumpy horns—would grind me to the earth with his monster head, and trample me beneath his feet. I indeed felt that my time had come—that no earthly power could save me; and instinctively I breathed a prayer to heaven.

At that instant my feet became entangled, and I fell; the maddened creature had just touched me as I went down, and was under such terrible headway that he passed directly over me without touching me. As his tail brushed over my face I grasped it, and was dragged to my feet, as the buffalo stopping suddenly, attempted to turn upon me. But I had a new lease of my life. I held on to his tail with a death-grasp, and was dragged round and round.

You may smile, but the tail-hold was my best hold now, and my only hope of life; and I held on with a grim determination, while the bull wheeled round and round, roared, snuffed, snorted and pawed the ground in his terrible rage, but could not shake me off.

But what should I do now? I knew I could not hold to him long, as my strength was nearly exhausted, having run so before I fell.

His wound was bleeding profusely, and my hope was that he might become exhausted first; but he seemed far from that now, while I seemed very near to it. I knew my strength could hold out but little longer; and to let go was certain death.

The bull would suddenly take a freak, and run and bellow with all his might, dragging me with velocity—then he would stop, and with a terrific snort attempt to turn on me, and it was more than I could do, with my failing strength to keep out of his way, and several times his horns rent my clothing.

This state of things could not continue: I was growing weaker, and felt my hold relaxing. I was jerked hither and thither, my arms nearly pulled from their sockets—worried almost to death, and about to lose my hold—when, as the mad creature paused an instant, the sharp crack of a rifle rang out upon the air, and the huge creature gave one plunge, and fell upon his side in the death-struggle.

I was safe, but it came not a moment too soon. I, too, fell to the ground, more dead than alive. The sequel is soon told. It was Bob who had saved me. He had been more fortunate than I, and after a hard chase, had killed his game, and then looked round for me. The first thing he saw was my horse without a rider, and then he discovered me in the distance clinging to the bull's tail for dear life; and putting spurs to his horse, he came to my assistance. It was some time before he could venture to shoot, for fear of hitting me; but he finally succeeded in planting a ball directly in the animal's breast.

AN old constitution is like an old bone—broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to the gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift; an hour of heating work; a run to catch a departing train; an evening of exposure to rain or damp; a severe chill; an excess of food; the unusual indulgence of any appetite or passion; a sudden fit of anger; an improper dose of medicine—any of these or other similar things may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

Summer Resort Items.

GARDEN parties are the attractions at Saratoga just now.

A SERPENT, with a long flat head which it raised eight feet above the surface, is the latest sensation in Swampscott Harbor.

TRENTON FALLS by moonlight is a sight to be remembered, and many prominent New Yorkers are registered there for the season.

BRIDAL parties at Niagara have their photographs taken on the lawn with Sarah's head gracefully resting on "Federwick's" shoulder. So nice!

NARRAGANSETT PIER is called the "Idlers' Paradise" this year. There's nothing to do, plenty of time to do it in, and hunting for amusement is all day work.

THERE are 157 children at one of the Long Branch hotels, ranging all the way from one to ten years of age. And they get up impromptu fights among themselves 157 times during the day.

AN excellent and substantial class of people spend the summer among the grand old Berkshire hills. There isn't much style maintained thereabouts, but it's healthy and the scenery is very beautiful.

IN the matter of hacks they swindle you outrageously at the watering-places, more especially at Saratoga. Four dollars an hour for an old fever-box—a dilapidated hospital on wheels—is the regular rate.

THE man who makes the greatest effort to register his name and get a room on "rush nights" at the seaside hotels invariably gets the least attention and the poorest room. This is a fact worth "booking."

A LADY guest at Atlantic City, N. J., while bathing in the surf, was struck unawares by a huge breaker and thrown with such violence upon the beach that her right leg was fractured about two inches above the ankle.

IT is a little over thirty years since the first camp-meeting was held on Martha's Vineyard, under an old cedar still pointed out. Now there are over 2,000 cottages and tents on the camp-ground, and not less than 10,000 worshipers assemble.

THERE are always cool breezes at Fire Island beach, no matter what the temperature is elsewhere, and this place suggests itself as one of the most delightful resorts where two or three days can be passed in the midst of an invigorating atmosphere.

THE season at the Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George, is at its height, and the grand piazza and parlors never appeared more brilliant. The arrivals have been from two to three hundred daily. The season is deliciously cool, with boating, fishing, driving, straw rides, charades, tableaux, and dancing to fill up the leisure hours.

NEW YORKERS, who, as a rule, do not get so far off as Cape May, have no idea what large hotels are there. The Stockton is an immense house, with a long and magnificent piazza, supporting stately columns. The dining-room of the Stockton will, they say, seat nine hundred guests, and the "office" is not easily surpassed for size and beauty.

MINNEQUA is situated amid the northern spurs of the great Alleghenies, and 1,445 feet above the sea level, consequently the air is exceedingly salubrious and healthful. The mountain scenery is magnificent. It has exceptionally the advantage over most watering places for accessible mountain drives, and gentlemen bring their private carriages to enjoy drives which unite in scenery the beautiful with the sublime. The beautiful Lake Nephawin, in the vicinity, affords full scope to the lovers of aquatic sports.

IN the suburbs of the city of Reading is situated Andalusia Hall, one of the most attractive places of resort among the Blue Mountains. It combines the advantage of city and country, being well shaded with trees and shubbery, supplied with good water, and there is constantly a breeze of mountain air. From the portico a landscape view of the Schuylkill and Lebanon Valleys extends north and west for a distance of over twenty miles, overlooking a fine agricultural district, and affording a view of hill, mountain and valley rarely surpassed.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to REED, WICKERSHAM & Co., Proprietors SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 726 SANSOM Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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CONTRIBUTORS' BUREAU.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to latter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Vow of Revenge. The Arrest. Plot and Counterplot. Wealth and Worth.—Aunt Ellen's Dowry. A Good Wife.—A Clergyman's Love.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

ROSA K.—If you hesitate between accepting the offers of your two suitors, it is clear that you are not particularly in love with either. According to the circumstances you state, we should think the first mentioned one would be the more eligible.

CENTENNIAL.—We believe the present seating capacity of the theatres you mention are as follows: The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, 2,864; Adelphia Theatre, Chicago, 2,09-; Boston Theatre, 29?3; Academy of Music, New York, 2,433, and Niblo's Garden, New York, 1,978.

A. C. W.—Practically every point in the circumference of a wheel in motion travels with the same velocity; but in theory, supposing the earth to be a sphere, the top of the wheel will pass over a longer arc of a circle. Hence, as the top of a wheel goes over a greater distance than the bottom in any given time, the top must travel at a greater speed than the bottom.

A. E. S. (Germantown.)—"It will soon be time now, they tell me, to pick ferns for preserving and bleaching—and I would be much obliged if you would give me directions how to do it." Gather them just as soon as they begin to turn brown or yellow; then put them in a solution of chloride of soda, not lime, and two-thirds water, and let them stand in the sun until white; then rinse them in clear water; dust them on a piece of glass; carefully wipe them with a soft cloth, and press them between blotting paper: when dry they are ready for use.

AN OLD READER.—The steamer Virginus was on the 28th of September, 1870, registered in the custom house of New York as the property of an American citizen, and cleared in the usual way for the port of Curacoa, and on or about the 4th of October sailed from New York for that port. She did not again enter a United States port, but sailed under the flag. She was captured off the coast of Jamaica on the 31st of October, 1873, by the steamer Tornado, and her captain, thirty-six of the crew, and eighteen others executed at Santiago de Cuba, Nov. 12, by order of Burriel.

VOLUNTEER.—The late Soldiers' Homestead bill, to which you refer, has a provision which meets your case. It is that which provides that, instead of the five years' actual residence required under the previous law before a title could be given, the time any soldier was in the United States service is to be deducted from that time, and the residence required is made so much the shorter as a soldier was in the army. For instance, a soldier who served for three years will have to reside upon his land only two years to secure a title; he who served two years only three—as in your case—and so on.

IGNORANT.—Caviare is the salted roe of the sturgeon, much esteemed by the Russians as an article of food, and frequently used among other nations as a condiment. The roe must be taken from the fish quickly after it is killed, eaten during the same day if possible, and is spoiled by the least shaking. Each egg ought to be separate, and when put into the mouth should melt into a creamy substance. Caviare would appear to have been considered a delicacy even in the time of Shakespeare, as we may infer from the following passage in Hamlet: "The play, I remember, pleased not the million: 'twas caviare to the general."

X. Y. Z.—The meaning of the word "discount," in business transactions, is an allowance made on a bill, or on any other debt not yet become due, in consideration of present payment. It is usual to allow for discount a sum equal to the interest on the debt from the time of payment to the time when it actually becomes due, which sum is deducted from the whole amount. The difference between interest and discount, which you say you never can understand, is that the former is payment of usage of money, paid at the end of the period or at maturity, whereas discount is the abatement in advance. The term discount is also applied to the depreciation in value of any fixed investment.

WESTWARD, HO!—Government land is divided into townships six miles square. These townships are surveyed in sections a mile square. These are subdivided into quarter sections of 160 acres each, and these again into 40 acres. Any one taking up a homestead can take his 160 acres in 40 acre lots, arranged in any manner he pleases, so that they all join (not corner) together. After you have chosen the part of the country, and if possible the township, in which you wish to locate, it would be advisable to obtain from the District Land Office plans (which cost a dollar each) of one or more townships, showing which lands have been purchased, which have been claimed as homesteads and pre-emptions, and which are still open for settlers. You can then easily make your choice.

LEO wants to know "Why should all the business of courtship devolve upon the man? It is only fair that woman should do her share of the work. How many a match that would have proved a happy one has been broken off because the customs of society restrained the woman from saying the right word at the right moment. What is a bashful lover to do, if the lady of his choice will not help him out of the difficulty of popping the question?" Now any one reading this would naturally infer that Leo was one of the bashful lovers he alludes to; but we are constrained to say we judge by the handwriting that this comes from a lady. All we can say is that ladies *do* perform their share of the courting, not only in semi-civilized communities that we have all read of, but in our own free and enlightened land. How they do it we are not at liberty to divulge.

TILLY.—"I would like to inquire what is the origin of the rose bug, and what kind of an insect, if any, it changes to? Also, what will destroy them, or prevent their coming in such large numbers?" The rose bug or chafer is scientifically the macrodactylus subspinosus. A very big name for a very little creature you may think, but then it makes up in numbers and audacity what it lacks in size. As to its origin, it passes through the common insect phases of metamorphosis, the larva, pupa, and image; the first being the worm or grub stage, the second that in which it forms a cocoon, or excavates itself an oval receptacle in the earth; the third its winged and perfect state. It cannot then change further, and apparently only lives now for the purpose of laying its eggs, and preparing for a new crop of its disastrous kind the next season. The very best way to destroy them would be to thoroughly study their habits, and make a crusade against their eggs.

E. S. P.—"There is an expression which I have heard used by Irishmen sometimes; it is: "That Bangs Banagher." What was the origin of the phrase?" The expression "That Bangs Banagher" arose out of the use of Banagher sand, which in olden times was said to possess marvelous virtues, even to the extent of overcoming the wiles of the Evil One. It was procured from the grave of St. O'Heaney, the founder of the abbey and church in the parish of Banagher, county Derry. In a book called "McDonnell, or the Norman De Borgos," one of the principal characters, one Macilivan, is made to travel from Dunluce to procure some of the sacred sand to dust over his horse previous to running a race, and of course the horse won the race. In the natural course of events, whenever anything startling would occur, people would say, "That beats even Banagher sand," and this in time got contracted into the phrase "That Bangs Banagher." We have sometimes heard the saying, with the addition, "And Banagher Bangs the devil."

G. F. L.—This is one of those young men—and we are sorry to say we hear from a good many more like him—who has been making love to a young girl, has promised to marry her, and then has happened to see some other young lady that he thinks he likes better, and now wants to break his promise to the girl whose love he has already sought and won. He says he "wants to do the right thing," and would not wish to do anything dishonorable. Such a man in our opinion, has no true idea of what honor or love is. He is a fickle, untrustworthy and selfish creature, and it is a misfortune for a girl to have anything to do with him, and a calamity for her to marry him.

GEO. C. W.—"Would a young man be justified in breaking off an engagement with a young lady to whom, in a moment of ecstasy he engaged himself, when afterward, in thinking over the matter, he sees that for some years he will be unable to provide for a wife?" This objection he should have considered well before he took the decisive step of proposing to the young lady. When he has once entered into an engagement, he is in honor bound to abide by it. What he should do now would be to tell the young lady how he is circumstanced, how remote the prospect is of his being able to fulfill their engagement, and abide by her decision, whatever it may be.

J. MCM.—We do not see any impropriety in the lady recognizing the gentlemen from whom she received so much kindness while travelling, when she met him again afterwards. Though they were strangers to each other, we think that, when it happens that a lady is traveling alone and a gentleman has an opportunity of rendering her some little services and showing her those little attentions which a true gentleman may offer with a respectful courtesy, and which the lady may, with equal well-meaning frankness, accept, it would be wrong for her to abstain from recognising him if they should meet again anywhere. It would be almost an act of ingratitude on her part, in our opinion, to pass him by unrecognized on any subsequent occasion, after he has acted with so much true courtesy towards her.

SCHOOL MA'AM.—Bad temper is more often the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feelings, and eager purposes, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull, passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you try to repress these little ebullitions of temper by scolding and punishment you will only increase the evil by changing passion into sullenness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, sympathy with his trouble, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand, as much as possible, all sources of unhappiness. Don't be afraid you will spoil the children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—unhappiness, the chilling pressure which produces ill-temper.

T. W. M.—A first-rate hair restorative, and one that has been known to restore gray hair to its original color, is made by taking one part of bay rum, three parts of olive olive oil, and one part of brandy, by measure. The articles must be of the very best quality, and must be well shaken before applied. The change in the color of the hair is very gradual—a month may elapse ere a decided change is perceptible. Apply the restorative every morning, and brush the hair well. As a hair-dressing for ladies, one that will improve the hair slowly but surely, and render it soft and ductile, and in every way manageable, we recommend, as among the very best, the pomatum called "Philocome," signifying "a friend to the hair." It was first introduced by the Parisian perfumers. The following is the recipe for its manufacture: Almond oil, one pound; white wax, three ounces: otto of bergamot, one ounce; otto of nutmeg and cloves, of each two drachms. Put the wax and oil in a jar in boiling water. When the wax is melted remove the jar from the water, and put it in a cool place, and occasionally stir the ingredients. When nearly cold add the perfume.

J. S. H. (Greensburg) writes: "If it is not too much trouble, you will greatly oblige me by answering the following questions through the columns of your excellent journal, viz: 1. If a gentleman wishes to have his letters returned by a lady correspondent, is it proper to first send hers and then request his? or to keep them until his are returned? I know of instances in which each plan has been followed; which is the proper one? 2. Where may be found the quotation, 'Richard is himself again?'" How can a gentleman have the assurance to request a return of his letters by a lady, while still retaining hers in his possession? Common courtesy demands that he should return her letters, (documents which, in improper hands, might be used very much to the disadvantage of the lady) before asking a return of his. No lady would hesitate in returning his letters under such circumstances; and if she were not a lady, that would not excuse his acting otherwise than as a gentleman. 2. The quotation given may be found in the stage or acting copies of Shakespeare's play of Richard III. It does not occur in the play as written by Shakspeare, but was interpolated by Colly Cibber, and retained on account of its effectiveness on the stage.

LEARNER.—"Can you give me some directions how to make a good lithographic ink?" The following is a receipt which a friend assures us he has proved to be a good one: Wax, sixteen parts; tallow, six parts; hard tallow soap, six parts; shell-lac, twelve parts; mastic in tears, eight parts; Venice turpentine, one part; lamp-black, four parts. The mastic and lac, previously ground together, are to be heated with care in the turpentine; the wax and tallow are to be added after they are taken off the fire, and when the solution is effected, the soap shavings are to be thrown in. Lastly, the lamp-black is to be well intermixed. Whenever the union is accomplished by heat, the operation is finished: the liquor is left to cool a little, then poured out on tables, and, when cold, cut into square rods. Lithographic ink of good quality ought to be susceptible of forming an emulsion so attenuated that it may appear to be dissolved when rubbed upon a hard body in distilled or river water. It should be flowing in the pen, not spreading on the stone; capable of forming delicate traces, and very black to show its delineations. The most essential quality of the ink is to sink well into the stone, so as to reproduce the most delicate outlines of the drawing and to afford a great many impressions. It must, therefore, be able to resist the acid with which the stone is moistened in the preparation, without letting any of its greasy matter escape.

J. C. D. (New York.)—"We are hearing every now and again of expeditions to the North Pole, but I want to know why there are never any expeditions sent to the South Pole? What is the reason that exploration is practically confined to the Arctic circle, and does not extend to the Antarctic? Can you explain this to me?" The reason for this is as follows: The highest latitude which has been reached within the Antartic circle is only 78 deg. 11 min., which was attained by Sir James Ross on his southern exploring expedition between 1839 and 1843, and which falls short by more than four degrees of that which was attained by Captain Hall in the Polaris within the Arctic circle, in 1872. In all probability the Southern Pole will for ever be inaccessible by the utmost efforts of man. Sir James Ross was stopped by an apparently boundless field of ice, the thickness of which he estimated by soundings, taken at its edge, to be upwards of 1,000 feet, and the surface presented the appearance of a vast plain of frosted silver. The severer climate of the southern hemisphere must be attributed to the small amount of its land compared with the northern continent, which extends beyond the Artic circle. In the opinion of Humboldt, the northern hemisphere may be regarded as the great terraqueous steam engine, and the southern hemisphere as its water reservoir. The quantity of rain which falls in the northern is considerably greater than that which falls in the southern hemisphere; and the higher temperature existing in the north polar region may be attributed to the fact that a large portion of heat which becomes latent in the southern hemisphere in the formation of aqueous vapor is set fire in the northern hemisphere during great falls of rain and snow. A doubt which has been expressed whether any considerable extent of land exists in the north polar area derives confirmation from the paucity of icebergs met with in high latitudes as compared with those found in the Antarctic regions. On every side of the Southern Pole, on every meridian of the great South Sea, ships fall in with icebergs, whereas they are only found within the northern Arctic circle in or about Baffin's Bay—a fact which points strongly to the probability that no extensive land exists at or near our Northern Pole—a supposition borne out by the fact that the vast ice-fields off Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla show no traces of ever having been in contact with gravel or land.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A. G. H.—There is no "particular etiquette to be observed on entering a room" that we know of. What do you mean? W. (Lynchburg.)—Write to the *Scientific American*, New York city, on the subject of "Machinery for digging artesian wells." We are sorry we can give you no information. GEO. F.—"Experentia docet;" therefore stand not on the order of beginning, but begin at once. G. A. P.—We are sorry we cannot oblige you. The fact is, we do not know, and have been unsuccessful in the endeavor to find out what you want to know. ALLIE.—There are cases of squinting that are incurable. ROSCO.—It is impossible for us or any one else to state "how often you may visit your girl." This is a point she and you must determine between yourselves.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*